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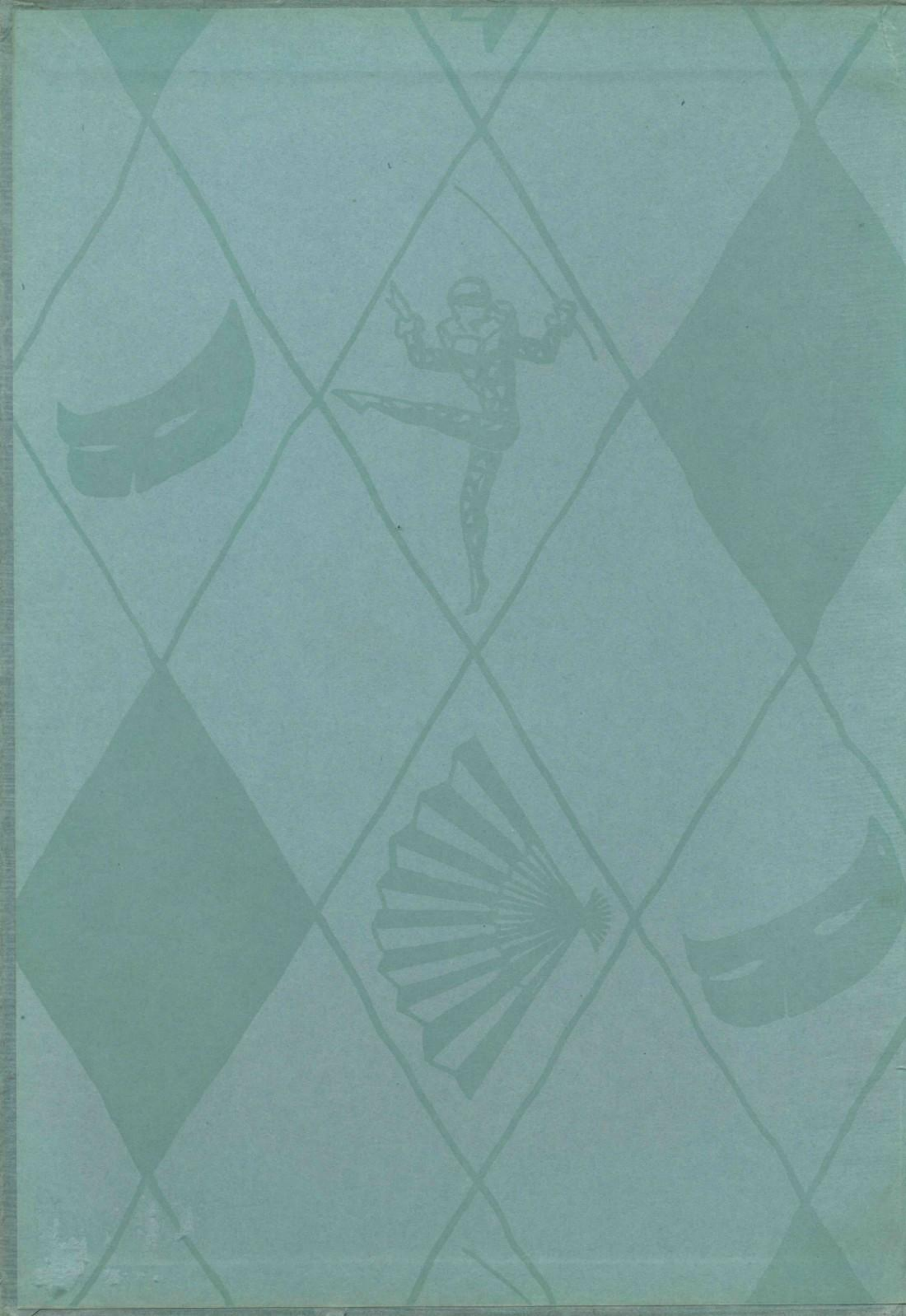
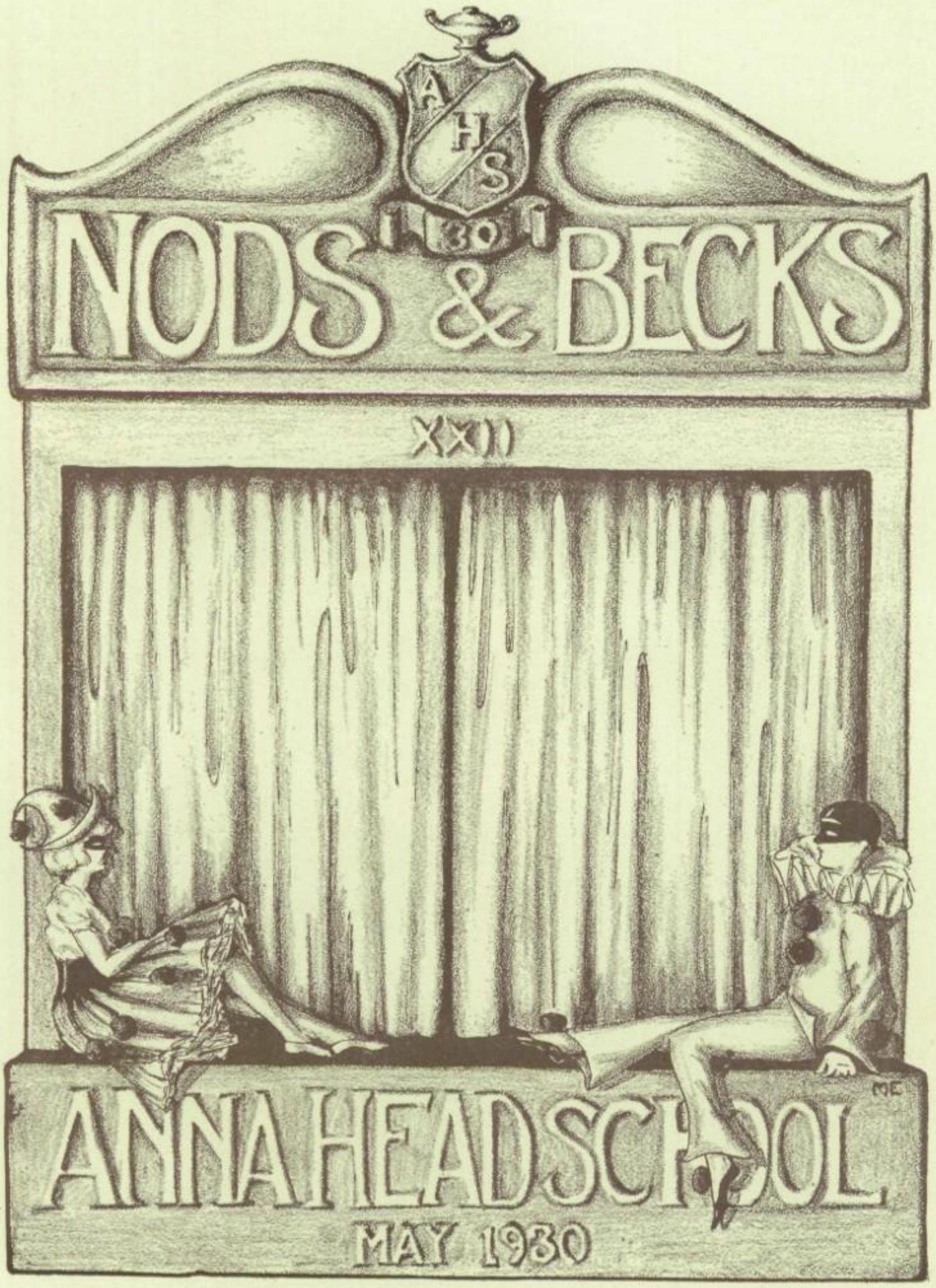


Lorraine Wigmore

Freshman - 1930


A H S
1930
NODS & BECKS
XXII
ANNA HEAD SCHOOL
MAY 1930
ME

To

MISS MARY E. WILSON
Our Principal
and to
MISS ORAL J. SHUNK
Our Vice-Principal,
this
Twenty-second Volume of
NODS AND BECKS
is fondly and gratefully
dedicated

THE STAFF

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Art Editor . . . . . Marie Evans
Literary Editor . . . . . Anne Hus
Business Manager . . . . . Elizabeth van Loben Sels
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YADNA RICH
VIRGINIA WARDEN
VIRGINIA LUM

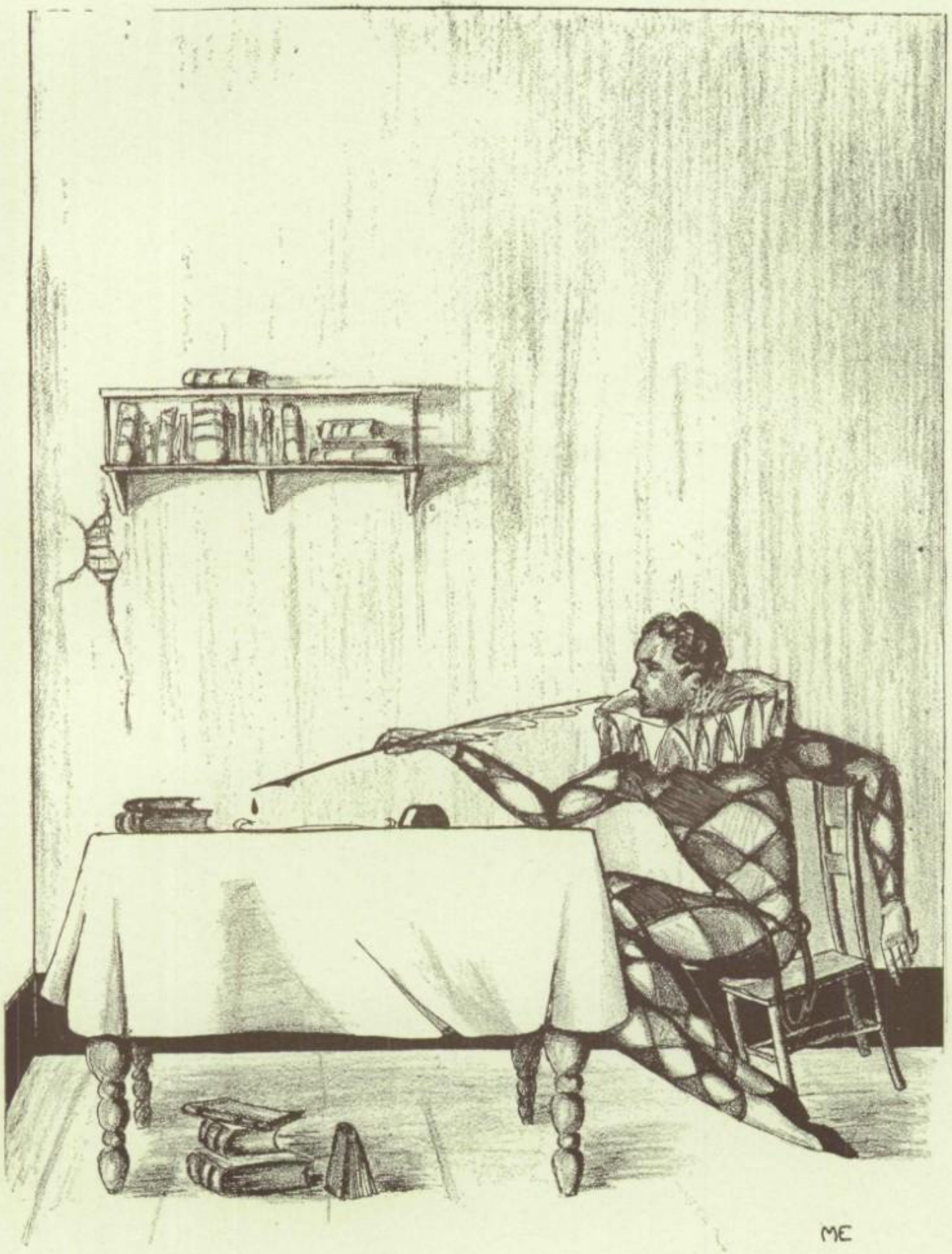
In this year, 1930, those of us who make our final bow from the stage of Anna Head, offer this small volume with its bits of rhyme, sheaf of prose, and fragments of song, for the diversion of our fellows, who tread the same boards as we. To some who read, it will seem but an idle playlet, while to those who have passed through the halls of wisdom as actors in the serious drama of learning, we hope, in future years, it will read as beautiful romance and enlightening history. Be assured that we, the staff, have acted our part as best we might, for the sole purpose of serving the school, and fostering the ties of mutual reciprocity and esteem.

The Editor

I pray you hear, why I alone appear.

THE STAFF OF NODS AND BECKS

wish to express their appreciation to Miss Throop
for the kind aid she has given
in making this book
a success.



LITERATURE

The Atom

From north to south, and east to west,
With vim and never ceasing zest,
The scientists work with a will
To try to break or smash or drill
The Atom!

But always with perverse intent,
And always so impenitent,
It capers, and with sprightly dash
Evades the knife that seeks to slash
The Atom!

But when they get the atom broke
It won't be such a dog-gone joke,
For they'll be able to efface
This world, so one can't find a trace,
By just applying the same force
That broke and smashed and did divorce
The Atom!

So now I pray with all my might
The Atom will keep up the fight,
And dodge and parry, shun and flee
The knife, and always, *always* be
The Atom!

MARY EMMA JEFFRES, '32
First prize, Poetry.
Nods and Becks Literary Contest

A Teacher's Triolet

It's a beautiful day
    But I must correct Ex's!
That is always the way.
It's a beautiful day
But at home I must stay,
    And my spirit it vexes . . .
It's a beautiful day
    But I must correct Ex's!

S. E. T.

The Aviator

He flies. The fleecy clouds drift by
    As he speeds on his untried way,
He hears the voiceless spaces cry,
    Tho' caution bid him stay.

But he is pledged to a shooting star,
    Where mountains dream in haze,
And his eager spirit journeys far
    Through space's mystic ways.

He is lulled by the crooning of his ship
    O'er the rim of a fog washed sea,
To the mustard terrace hills he'll dip
    Like an eagle from bonds let free.

MARGARET GILMOUR, '30.

Hat-Racks

I WAS in a hotel dining-room one evening waiting for my dinner to be served, and having nothing better to do, I watched a hat rack, standing near the door. As I observed the stream of people entering, I was surprised to see how many really had need of it. When I first saw the mahogany hat-rack I was reminded of a house where I spent a week-end. In this house, in the small and tastefully furnished vestibule, I remembered having seen a small glass hat-rack in the shape of a monkey tree. How nice my companion's tall silk hat looked on it!

Now I observed several black derbies reposing in state. In a few minutes they were completely covered with a miscellaneous assortment of head coverings. My attention was drawn to a dapper little gentleman wearing a very natty gray hat, gray spats, and carrying a malacca cane. He carefully removed his hat, and placed it on the rack. Then, having looked over the assortment of hats with the air of a connoisseur, he placed his cane there also. Gracefully and stylishly he walked away, having first picked out his table by the aid of a little monocle.

Next, I observed a very fat man. He looked like a politician, and he was smoking a long, black cigar. He smacked his hat on top of the one belonging to our friend in gray with much force and gusto. The latter had tasted his food, and not finding it to his liking, rose, and walked over to the hat-rack. He recovered his hat, and with an injured expression pushed it into shape and brushed it carefully. Then he departed, still wearing an air of injury.

A very small man with an extremely timid demeanor had been eyeing the hat-rack longingly for some time. His dinner had been eaten, but he still sat on, gazing pensively at the hat-rack. He had been one of the first to use the rack. I wondered if he was waiting for someone, or what his purpose was. I was interested, so I watched closely to see what his next move would be. Meanwhile, the pile of hats on the rack was slowly diminishing, and my dinner was still untouched. I hastily made a beginning, and soon an end of it. Then, observing the hat-rack out of the corner of my eye, I quite easily connected the various hats with their owners.

I prophesied that a fat man with many gravy spots on his vest would come blustering up to claim a large, stained, sloppy looking hat, and that a tiny man with an over-abundance of self-confidence, would look for a large, heavy hat just exuding security. I knew that a young men with a violent tie and wild

socks would leap gracefully along, recover a bright green hat with a rakish turn to it, and then saunter nonchalantly onward.

By now most of the hats were gone, and a very few people were left in the dining-room. I had almost forgotten the timid little soul sitting nearby, when my wandering gaze discovered him. He was folding his napkin carefully and conscientiously, and adjusting the chair just so. Then, he smiled deprecatingly at the waitress, gave her an overly large tip, and walked to the hat-rack. He apologized to a stout old gentleman for no reason at all, and removed his hat from the rack. I imagine that he had been afraid of disturbing the other hats and thought it safer to wait until his was easily accessible. He walked quietly out and I was the only occupant of the room.

On my way out I cast a glance of farewell at the hat-rack standing guard. There were still two or three hats reposing in state. How anyone can forget a hat on a hat-rack is incomprehensible to me, for, to me a hat-rack is truly educational, and through it one is introduced to many types of people.

JUNE STEVENSON, '31
First Prize
Nods and Becks Literary Contest

E Pluribus Unum

OLLECTING things . . . any things . . . seems to be a great sport lately. The magazines publish long accounts of the perils and hardships endured by an intrepid collector of variously sized and shaped safety pins, or of the extreme measures adopted by a heroic collector of old flasks, when he saw in a bank vault a magnificent green bottle, which he knew must be his. (The poor man went to prison for bank robbing, after discovering that his prize had at one time held ginger ale.) Boys, at one time or another, collect milk bottle tops. I tried that once, but my collection never flourished.

A few years later I noticed the great variety of designs on the backs of playing cards. One day, Mother brought home cards having a large, sleepy, black cat on the backs. I liked the cat, whose name was Topsy, and annexed the joker. In the course of time I collected about ten cards having different pictures and designs on them. I remember that one was a tall camel standing in a very yellow desert, with an even yellower sky above him. Also, there were red-and-white, and blue-and-white designs, with cupids riding bicycles on them . . . the then ever present "Bicycle Playing Cards."

However, I had no place to keep my cards, so imagine my horror when one day, I discovered that Topsy, my beloved cat, my charter member, had become restless, and had changed her address without notifying me!

The errant one's place in the diminutive collection (but not in my heart) was filled by a smiling, tousled airedale, but I never ceased searching for my darling. Not until about two years ago, when I had quite a respectable number of cards, did I see another "Topsy." A grown-up friend had been an ardent collector when she was a girl. When she found some of her old cards, she sent them to me, and among them was the lost Topsy's counterpart, accompanied by an aristocratic white friend called Tabby. These two seem perfectly satisfied to remain with me, and I hope that the airedale doesn't chase them away.

With the cats came a sweet, simple country girl of the "gay nineties" who simpers in an horrible fashion, and leans on a rustic, although somewhat artificial gate, with a large boquet of huge daisies clasped firmly in her hands. There is a companion to this dear girl, a bathing girl, conspicuously labeled "Neptuna," who is as beauteous as her friend, but of a somewhat later period. She is attired in a very pretty, though somewhat cumbersome, bathing costume, a bandana covering most of her flowing locks, and a pair of long black stockings.

And the story he tells is true.

During vacation a few summers ago, I saw beside a fire hydrant a card with painted flowers industriously climbing over its brilliant orange background. Snatching it quickly, I bore it triumphantly home. You see, I am not at all particular where I get my cards, although I usually wash the cards without pedigrees in antiseptic soap.

The collecting of cards is a great occupation, and one's friends are very thoughtful in sending cards from foreign lands and strange places. When one has a collection of anything there is the fascinating task of sorting and keeping it properly housed, and habits of neatness and routine are established. One cannot collect without gaining much entertainment and incidental information. Therefore, say I, collect something!

ELIZABETH RICHARDSON, '31.

Birch Tree

A sparkling silver outline
Against a golden sky,
A slim and quivering sentry
To watch while night goes by,
A dark, tall, ghost-like shadow
In black and deepest grey,
A lithe, flame-tinted dancer
As comes the dawn and day.

CHARLOTTE FRIEND, '31.

On Going to Bed

ow Jane, don't be the next half hour getting to bed!" The mere sentence, old and often repeated, several times in one evening in fact, sends an apprehensive chill up and down my back. "Just a minute!" is a vague but excellent reply, because it shows that I am busy, wastes a little time, and does not sound unmannerly. After several more remonstrances you really must get up from your chair. This is merely to avoid causing irritation.) Then, several more minutes can easily be wasted between standing in front of the heater to warm your feet, (which are not really cold) getting a glass of water, and arranging your books for the next day. Things begin to get a little tense after that; you can't fool around much longer. After long experience you can arrange the intervals quite successfully. So now it is necessary to walk laggingly over to the door and open it a little. "Mother, did I tell you about that dress at the last formal? It was longer in the back than mine is."

Mother perks up her ears and remarks knowingly, "but Chanel's latest model is very much like yours." There is no stumping mother! A short, (they are always short) rather strained argument follows. Mother is rather on edge, torn between desire to get me to bed and to satisfy her interest in the latest fashions. A subject like this one can't last forever; it is bound to "go to an end."

Mother grits her teeth. "Will you go to bed." "I'm going!" is the reply, . . . another safe one.

After applying the much hated tooth-brush, and trimming of fingernails to suit father's particular idea of lovely nails, (you can easily imagine what that is) you return to the warm sitting room.

"You certainly were in there long enough." "I wasn't at all, I certainly wouldn't stay any longer than I had to, I guess!"

After a little more foot-warming and another glass of water, and several prolonged good-nights, you mosey over to the other door, and lay your hand on the knob. Sometimes you can get away with another short argument, again you can't.

It seems as though the steepest steps to climb are those on the way to bed. I usually take them at a running leap because I am very imaginative and often fool myself into believing that there is something behind me. Once safely in my room, my one desire is to get to bed and read before Mother arrives (as she inevitably does just as I begin to be interested in a story) to snap off my light.

A sense of duty to your youthful beauty makes you cold-cream your hands until they are uncomfortably greasy, and makes you dab a little on your nose, with an ever-faithful hope that it will banish a pimple, some freckles, or the like. (You always awaken, of course, with that identical blemish, if not another one besides).

Once comfortably settled on your pillows, your aspect towards going to bed is very different, for you immediately get drowsy and begin to dream of the pleasant things in the past or future.

CONSTANCE WOOLSEY, '31.

Toria Pinckney = Navigator

That our class records may properly chronicle the unique accomplishments of one of our co-sufferers in the process of education, we sought the classic atmosphere of Toria Pinckney's study. Strange to relate, however, it being the holiday season, we found her in the late afternoon hours surrounded by books, maps, charts . . . working not with the compass, but with Christmas evidences of truly girlish character. This temporary diversion, however, did not interfere with her usual cheery responses, but it was soon made apparent that no satisfactory comments concerning her nautical achievements would be forthcoming. Other sources than our heroine herself had to be consulted to obtain the needed material with which to record her experiences.

"Tory" has logged about thirty-five thousand miles of ocean traveling in the summers of nineteen twenty-eight and nine, and has retained her own log books. She has done her trick at the helm down among the beautiful islands of the South Sea, and has tried her hand at seamanship in the ports of North Greenland and New Guinea.

In the Samoan Islands she stopped at Pago Pago, an island among this group that is only twenty-four miles around, with its great mountain called Rainmaker, looming over the isle and villages, so picturesque, set in great masses of tropical growth that is picturesque until the dust is seen, and with its one cook-house and community bath.

Apia, where Robert Louis Stevenson is buried, is on the summit of Yaca Mountain, beautiful harbors, long stretches of white beaches, livid with tropical

growth, great waves breaking up on the sands from which much too often huge sharks' fins cut the white foam.

On the island of Suva, among the Fijis is a large field across from the only hotel in Suva, on which landed the remarkable plane . . . Southern Cross. Here also are magnificent orchids that grow wild and profusely.

Tulage is the government seat of the Solomon Isles. It is only seven miles around but a very beautiful seven miles! Here Toria played tennis with the governor.

Toria's navigator's rating was awarded her at the conclusion of a four months' cruise in the South Seas, last October. She left on this trip last June rated only as supercargo. On the ship's return on her record appeared the entry, "Toria Pinkney—Fourth Officer!"

And so we salute you, Fourth Officer Pinckney, one of the world's youngest girl navigators!

BETTY HOLLEY, '30.

To A Collection

Poems that lie here before me,
    Among which I pick and choose,
Do you hope you'll come up to the standard?
    Or do you pray that you'll lose?

Do you wish me to quickly reject you,
    And pass you by with a look?
Do you think you'll be free forever
    If you're not enclosed in a book?

Or do you hope that I'll keep you,
    Until during some dreary night
I pick up my book and run through it
    And come upon you in delight?

And find in you all that I hoped for,
    And learn what I knew from the start,
That some day your beauty must move you
    From your place in the book to my heart.

VADNA RICH, '30.

Where you look on us clad in motley and tinsel,

Laertes: Youth and Man

THE fluctuating intensity of Laertes' character is one of the most fascinating things in Hamlet. Of the same general class, although a little different in rank, Hamlet and Laertes can be compared throughout the play; Hamlet, bitter, subtly and cynically humorous, not quite willing to act drastically until he is sure of his ground; Laertes, gay, courtly, not too serious, but capable of good reasoning, and wild and heedless in his fury.

In my mind, Laertes is a character which can never grow out of date. Shakespeare's fame has grown on painting such people. Laertes is hardly different from a young man of the twentieth century. Well-bred, gay, a sportsman . . . if he were to be transplanted to this day, even with its different customs, he would soon be able to fit in.

He is dutiful to his country, king, and father, but once his duty is done it does not hamper him, and he is off to gayer life than the court of Denmark can give. Like many a youth of today, any objections his father may have are tactfully overruled, and the asking of permission is little more than formality. The paternal attitude with which he gives his sister advice is decidedly typical of an older brother, but he shows quick perception and foresight when he warns her not to lose her heart to Hamlet: "his greatness weighed, his will is not his own." When Ophelia shows her spirit and questions his own behavior . . . well, his boat is waiting, and he must hurry! And yet, peculiar to that time, he respects and listens to his father's long and preaching sermon on manners, morals, and philosophy.

Beside that courtly youth, whom we know as Laertes, stands the man Laertes. The man who sways the people, that "Antiquity forgot, custom not known", they call him lord. He is not reasonable, he does not weigh his actions and their consequences as would Hamlet. "I dare damnation!" cried Laertes, which is what Hamlet is trying to avoid.

Laertes knows that his father was murdered. Without reasoning he turns on the one in whose care his father rested, as the murderer. But his actions here show the impulsive youth even in the man. A little persuasive argument from the king, the realization that Ophelia's madness is due in part to her love for the prince, and he is ready to believe the king holy, and Hamlet fit to have "his throat cut i' the church." He forgets that he and Hamlet were once almost brothers, and Polonius and Ophelia were the last persons Hamlet

had cause to turn against. So violent is his desire for vengeance that he sinks to the lowest depths and slays Hamlet through deceit; a poisoned rapier in an apparently harmless bout.

Not until he is dying through his own machinations, does he realize what he has done to avenge his father and sister; how insane he has been, and how villainous has been the king's management. With his dying breath he begs Hamlet's forgiveness. A truly noble youth!

SALLY LAWRENCE JAGGER, '30.

Twilight Orchestra

Twilight is an orchestra
    Her symphony is clear
But only they who listen close
    Her fairy minstrels hear.

The ear attuned to music
    And the music of the spheres
And something that's immortal
    Is gained by him who hears.

So silently and softly
    Tread on the grass at eve,
And hark to slender melodies
    The twilight shadows weave.

BETTY GERWICK, '30.

The Lure of San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO, with its melodious name, its glamorous history, its wharves and ships, its many-colored population, and its hilly streets, is as colorful, as mysterious, and as beautiful as it was when Spanish dons paced its few and dirty streets, when guitars were heard at night in its presidio, where Conchita, the daughter of the commandante, danced with gallant Resanov, or when white-winged clipper ships made their stately way into its harbor, and hoarse bits of old miners' songs floated from the saloons which lined its plaza.

Now the streets of San Francisco are many and lined with tall buildings which cut white wedges in the blue sky; Conchita Arguello sleeps in a little cemetery, Resanov in a frozen grave; the guitars are silent; the boats which come into the harbor are huge liners and above them fly with keen cool speed steel-winged, man-made birds, and now the plaza is a quiet peaceful square. All seems changed, and yet, hovering over all is a glamour as haunting as that of old. One may still smell the salt, bilgy smells of the wharves, watch stevedores unloading ships, and hear the swish of the water against the piles. sails of gray hue no longer deck Fisherman's Wharf but the boats are still deep blue, the smell of fish remains, and the soft voices of the fishermen are unchanged. In Chinatown men with quiet, aloof, impassive faces, and women with embroidered coats, and jade-ornamented hair still walk to and fro; the shops still display their stock of deer-horn, sandal-wood, jelly-fish and evil smelling herbs. In Little Italy topaz-eyed, slovenly women still sit in the sun on their doorsteps calling soft-vowelled gossip to their neighbors across the narrow, cobble-stoned street; in the tiny stores, which are decorated with sausages, cheese, tubs of fish and olives, and huge crudely-colored pictures of the Bay of Naples or Garibaldi, shopkeepers greet one with the same smile and bow. Telegraph Hill is as "rowdy" and "bowdy" as ever, and the little Mission Dolores is still a quiet haven from the tumult of a hot and busy world.

The old charm is gone, but it has been replaced by a new, no less fascinating or compelling, and like a rich warm color, which in spite of its deep impression evades description in mere stiff words, San Francisco still retains the friendly, hospitable cosmopolitanism which is its heritage from the Spaniards.

ANNE HUS, '30.

Have You Never Seen It?

I KNOW you're seen it, when I look at it I wonder how it feels, what it has seen, and if its faithful mechanical brain could think, what it would know, and if its wise old methodical face could speak, what it would relate. I'm sure if it were capable of either of the latter that I should hear something like this:

"I have stood here for a great many years, but no one thinks of offering me a seat. Still I do not care, for I am never allowed to run down. This has been my only world except for the busy factory where I was made, but I was so young then that I do not remember much of that. I know you think I must get stale, but I keep up with the times of the world.

"I am really a very important factor in the household, everything revolves around me and about me. I mark the time for every meal and for every class during the day. I serve as judge in many cases when anxious young girls cast hopeful glances in my direction, and either smile or frown at my undisputed decision. Those same charming young girls who are hopeless if my fatal word is not to their advantage, have at various times, tried to beguile their dignified school-marms by turning my hands back to indicate a time that can never be recalled.

"You know, I am quite different from common day folks; my age does not affect my importance at all. I am looked up to and respected by both old and young. I will admit, however, that my face has not the lustre of youth, and that some of the paint has come off the letters on my face, and my hands are not as lovely as they were when I was new. But you must understand that that's not my fault, for I am just an old grandfather clock, which stands, and has stood, and will stand for many years more in the hall of Anna Head School."

ELIZABETH MILLER, '31

Masquerade

LTHOUGH I was only eighteen, it was not uncommon for me to be left alone for long periods of time to take care of the ranch and help with the round-up. On this occasion I had been alone two weeks, while my father went to attend the funeral of his brother and the settling of his estate. The piñon fire in the grate and my shaggy shepherd dog were my only companions and comforts on this surprisingly cool August evening.

I was about to go to bed when my dog sniffing the air and growling as if he saw a bear or a mountain lion, brought my attention to a low and almost inaudible knocking at the kitchen door. Beams of cool moonlight revealed a pitiful looking old woman in disreputable shawl and bonnet from which unkempt shocks of grey hair started at unpleasing intervals. Her left foot, in a shoe so worn as to resemble a spat, was swollen to an unbelievable size. A homemade crutch under her right arm was bearing the weight of her bulky frame. I asked if I could help her.

"Shor," she replied, "by golly, I'm dog tired and I can eat anything ye'll gimme."

I seated her at the kitchen table, and lighted the lamp that stood before her. She moved a bit, protesting that the light hurt her eyes. In a few minutes I brought from the cupboard a plate well loaded with beans and biscuit and pie. "Here you are, the coffee will be ready in a few minutes."

I was interested in the old woman, and wanted to know more about her, but I was too well acquainted wth the unwritten code of the country; never to refuse a stranger food, and never to question the unknown guest.

She finished her meal with amazing speed, and leaned back comfortably in her chair. "You know," said she, "I've a sick lad in Tucson, who's goin' to school there, and havin' no money this is the best way I know to git to him. I'll be seein' my boy in a few days now, I guess." Her eyes brightened for a moment, then grew dull again. "Ye know, I was refused anythin' to eat down the road. That road gang had mor'n six men cud use too, by golly." She paused a moment, then turned to me. "My lame foot don't stand much travel, and it's gettin' late. Cud I put up here tonight?"

My unfortunate guest had aroused in me all the sympathy that one person can feel for another, and I readily gave my consent. "I'll be on my way early in the mornin', so don't worry if I've gone afore ye're up. It's easier travelin' in the early mornin'."

"You may take anything I have here for your breakfast," I told her, and

handed her a ten dollar bill to keep her going until she reach her destination. The poor creature almost wept with gratitude.

Spreading a couple of sheep skins and a blanket near the fire for her, I retired to my own bed in the opposite corner of the room. Assured of my friend's comfort, I was soon asleep.

The stranger was gone when I awoke at five the next morning, and the skins and blanket were neatly laid across the chest. My poor friend . . . I could hardly wait to ride down to the road camp to scold Jim Nourse and his gang for turning the poor woman away. I had always had a good opinion of Jim, and had believed that he would have shared his last wth a needy stranger.

"Jim," I cried, riding up to him, "you're a fine man, to refuse an old crippled woman food."

"Oh yea?" said Jim. "Well, we've met up with that pore old woman before, and it happens, Miss Morley, that she's a MAN!"

JEAN JACOBS, '30.

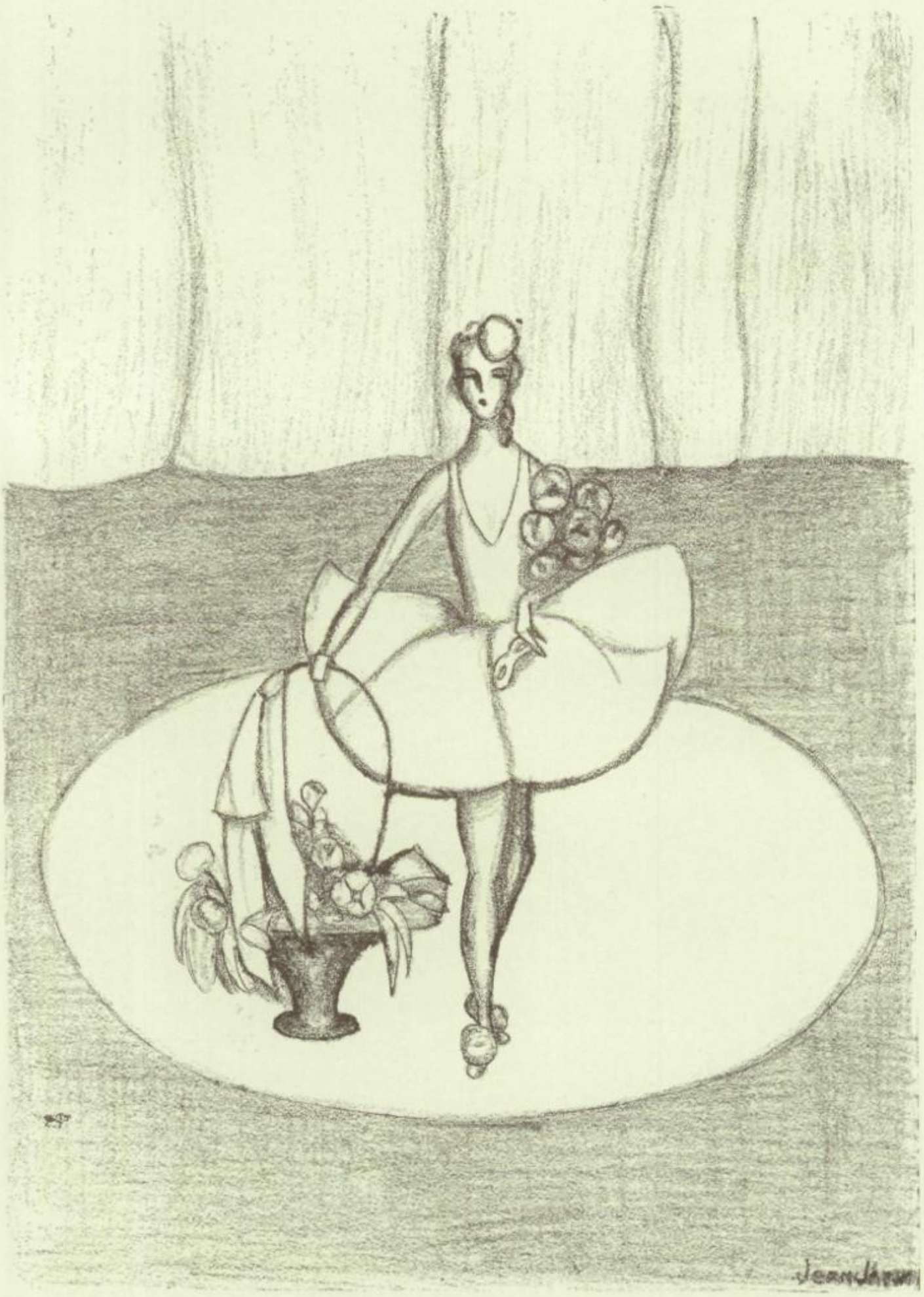
When Spring Comes Back

When spring comes back to the naked thorn,
And the moon swings over the first spring morn,
I'd rather go alone in the sweet green meads
Than march with the herd and do proud deeds.

I'd rather be alone and listen to the birds
Than go with the crowd and say proud words,
And oh! a rover I'd like to be
When spring comes back to the hawthorn tree.

I'll take my moments and my days
And let them sing in ceaseless praise,
When spring comes back to the naked thorn,
And the moon swings over the first spring morn.

MARGARET GILMOUR, '30.



SENIORS

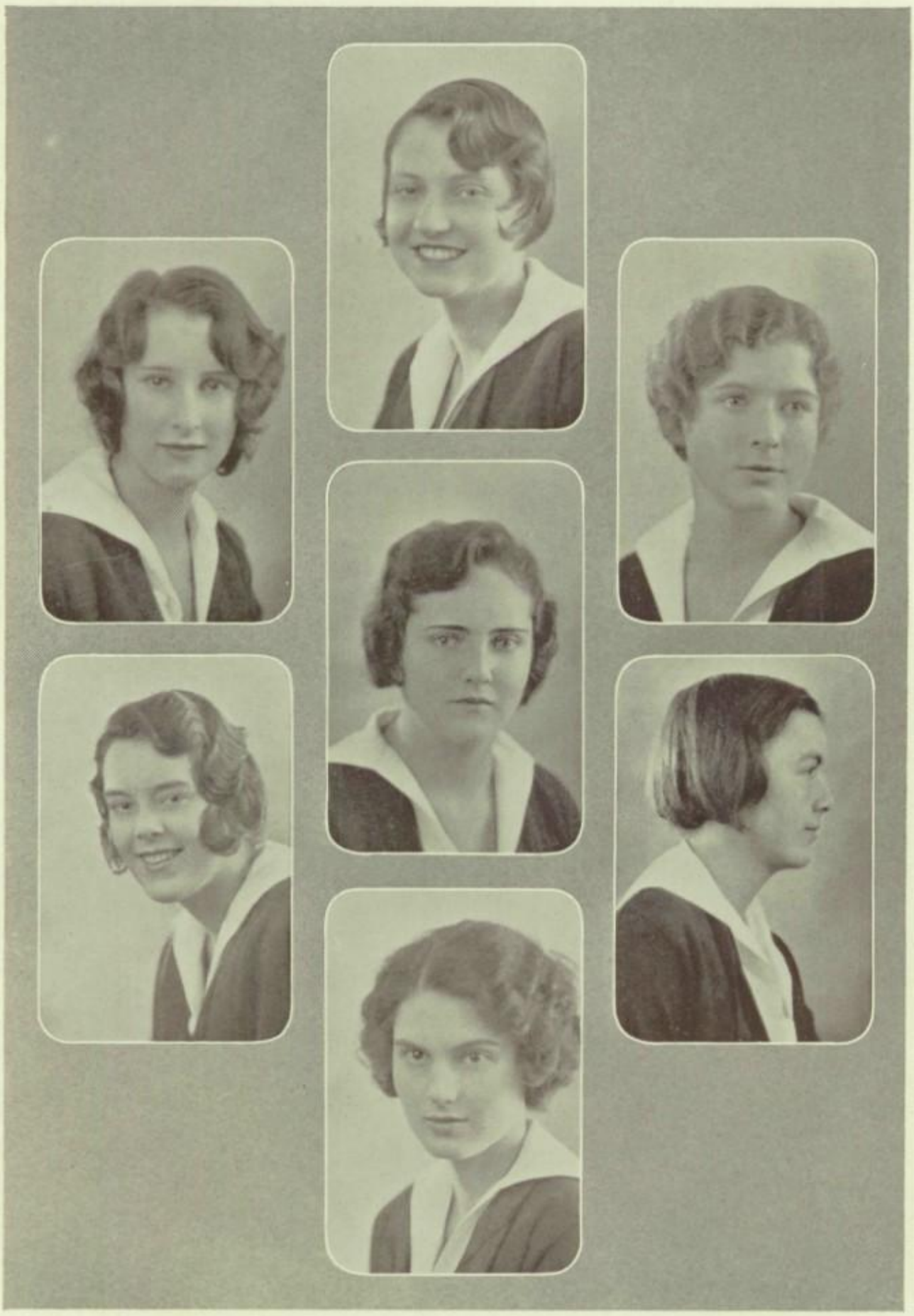
Haste thee, Nymph and bring with thee,

EUGENIA CROSS
JEAN ANDERSON

CORNELIA ABBOTT
GERALDINE BINGAMAN
LISBETH CHENOWETH

MARGARET ABBEY
MARY BRIED

Jest, and youthful Jollity,



MARIAN CORY
ALICE JEAN FLOYD

JANE DAY
KATHERINE FOULKE
MARGARET GILMOUR

MARIE EVANS
BETTY GERWICK

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,

GERTRUDE GLASSON
ELIZABETH HARDING

ELIZABETH GOODFELLOW
JUDITH HECHTMAN
MARTHA HOWE

CORNELIA GREGR
BETTY HOLLEY

ANNE HUS
SALLY JAGGAR

AGNES IRWIN
BARBARA JONES
MARY LANGDON

JEAN JACOBS
ELIZABETH KANT

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE
MADELAINE McCRACKEN

ALEIDA LE NOBEL
VIRGINIA McENEANY
KATHERINE MARR

VIRGINIA LUM
NANCY EDNA MACKLE

And love to dwell in dimples sleek,

LUCILE MAST
VIRGINIA NALL

MARJORIE MATHEWS
BETTY NORVELL
LEONA PALMER

SALLY MYERS
CONSTANCE OLNEY

Sport, that wrinkled care derides,

ALLA PATERSON
TORIA PINCKNEY

HARRIET PEEL
KATHRINE PIUS
VADNA RICH

ESTELLE PERRY
ELIZABETH REGAN

And Laughter, holding both his sides,

ELINOR RILEY
FRANCES ROYCE

JANE RODMAN
BARBARA SAUNDERS
BARBARA SHERBURNE

BETTY ROSS
HELEN SEGELHURST

NAOMI SMITH
JULIE SWOBE

DOROTHY STANLEY
JANE UMPHRED
VIRGINIA WARDEN

FRANCES SWEDBURG
ELIZABETH VAN LOBEN SELS

ELIZABETH WEBB
CHARLOTTE WILLOUGHBY

BEVERLY WEBSTER
DORIS WURKHEIM
MARIAN YOUNG

MARGARET WENTWORTH
ELEANOR YONGE

Senior Song

Oh Anna Head, dear Anna Head
Our years with thee have reached an end.
The careless days that we have spent
With days of earnest work will blend.

You hold the secrets of our hearts,
The hopes and fears we cherish;
In all we do our love for you
We know will never perish.

Our dearest friends have all been here,
Our best ideals we've found in thee;
We've learned within your spacious walls
To reach out towards the goals we see.

We know that in the years to come,
Our thoughts to thee will fondly turn,
And to our Alma Mater pledge
That everlasting love will burn.

VADNA RICH, '30.

JUNIORS

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty,

Virginia Phelps
Enid Burgess
Ann Craycroft

Betty Baker
Marjorie Campbell
Elizabeth Dolman
Margaret Jane Foulke

Anne Barr
Carol Craft
Elizabeth Farmer

Charlotte Friend
Annette Hanan
Julia Keenan

Gloria Gillingham
Eleanor Hunt
Georgia Kohnke
Eleanor Lathrop

Elaine Hadsell
Jonatha Jones
Flora Lamson

Josephine Little
Alice Lyon
Elizabeth Midgley

Ernestine Loring
Helen Mallett
Elizabeth Miller
Harriet Reeder

Alice Lumgair
Jeanne Meredith
Josephine Pfrang

Elizabeth Richardson
Elizabeth Smith
Oraville Tuttle

Jacqueline Rourke
Lucile Soule
Frances Umphred
Constance Woolsey

Sevilla Shuey
June Stevenson
Mabel White

YE PEOPLE OF AUTHORITY

H'S LABELED

OUR FIRST LADY

Katherine E. Poole

MISSES POOLE AND JONES

GYM — !

WHEN DOES IT START?

SOPHOMORES

Marian Adams

Mary Emma Jeffress
June Back
Dorothy Cadwalader

Frances Bailey
Elizabeth Canaga
Mary Louise Cobb

Jane Brock
Marjorie Cherry
Kathryn Cunha

Patsy Anderson
Helen Biggerstaff
Pamela Chubbuck

Dorothy Douglas
Dorothy Gaylord
Margaret Linforth

Lucy May Fay
Mary Lou Glover
Dorothy Logan
Jane Mathews

Mary Hatfield
Margaret Montmorency
Jeannette McGrath

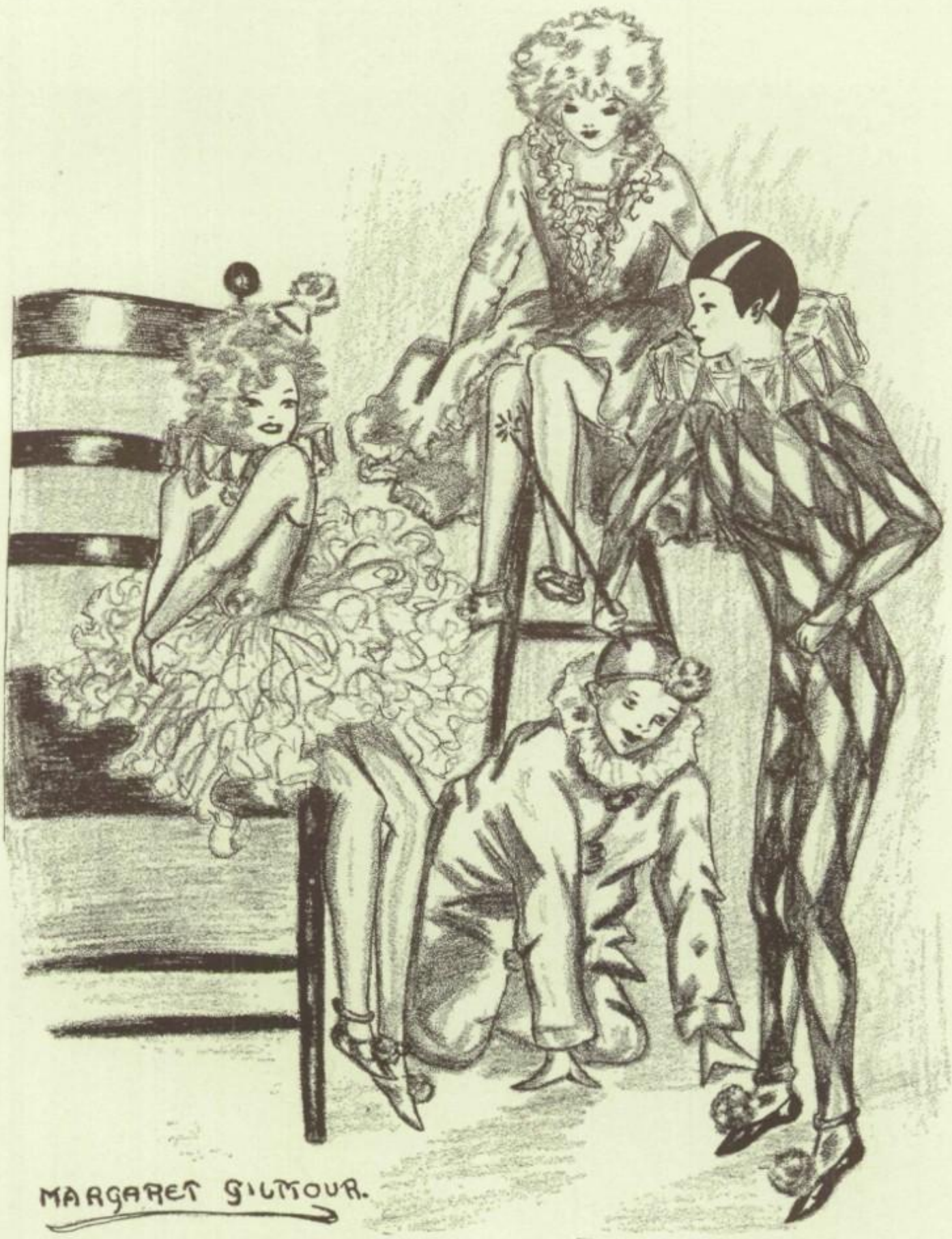
Elizabeth Fogg
Mary Hodgkin
Winifred Miller

June Norvell
Janet Ronneberg
May Belle Spivey

Muriel Phillips
Frances Reid
Phillis Tesio
Jane Ward

Mary Alice Rader
Beth Thomas
Jane Wiedman

Caroline Rowell
Nancy Sherwin
Annette Tyler



FRESHMEN

They have their exits, and their entrances;

Marilyn Blagen
Miriam Boynton
Lavinia Cressup
Frances Ebey
Barbara Ivie

Patricia Appleton
Betty Clark
Margaret Davis
Jane Graham
Mary Eleanor Loubet

Edna May Lyon
Dorothea Minor
Dorothy Pollard
Mary Ruth Swift
Lauraine Wigmore

Marguerite Nelson
Idah Rose
Virginia Webb
Edith Bither

POST GRADUATES

And one man in his time plays many parts,

EMILY ADAMS
ELLENA JOHNSON

BARBARA BARKER
MARTHA LOWSLEY
MARGARET WOODBURN

DOROTHY DILLABOUGH
BARBARA McCAFFREY

Dream Coast

My thoughts stray off to a tropic coast,
    While I dwell near the cold, gray sea,
But the laughing lilt of the dancing waves
    Knows the dreams that come to me.

And the magic winds that whisper
    Are the tunes that I try to sing,
When my heart yearns for green hill-tops,
    In the midst of a dusty spring
That brings no rain to the birds' calls,
    Though they reverently rise and sing.

Palm trees grow on my dream coast,
    And flame flowers, vivid to see,
Dusk and fire are all about,
    And around and over me
Is the soft, fairy touch of the Trade Winds
    That drift from a tropic sea.

MARGARET GILMOUR, '30.

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;

TWO OF OUR MOST DIGNIFIED ALUMNAE

A FINISHING TOUCH TO THE BUS

YE ALUMNAE

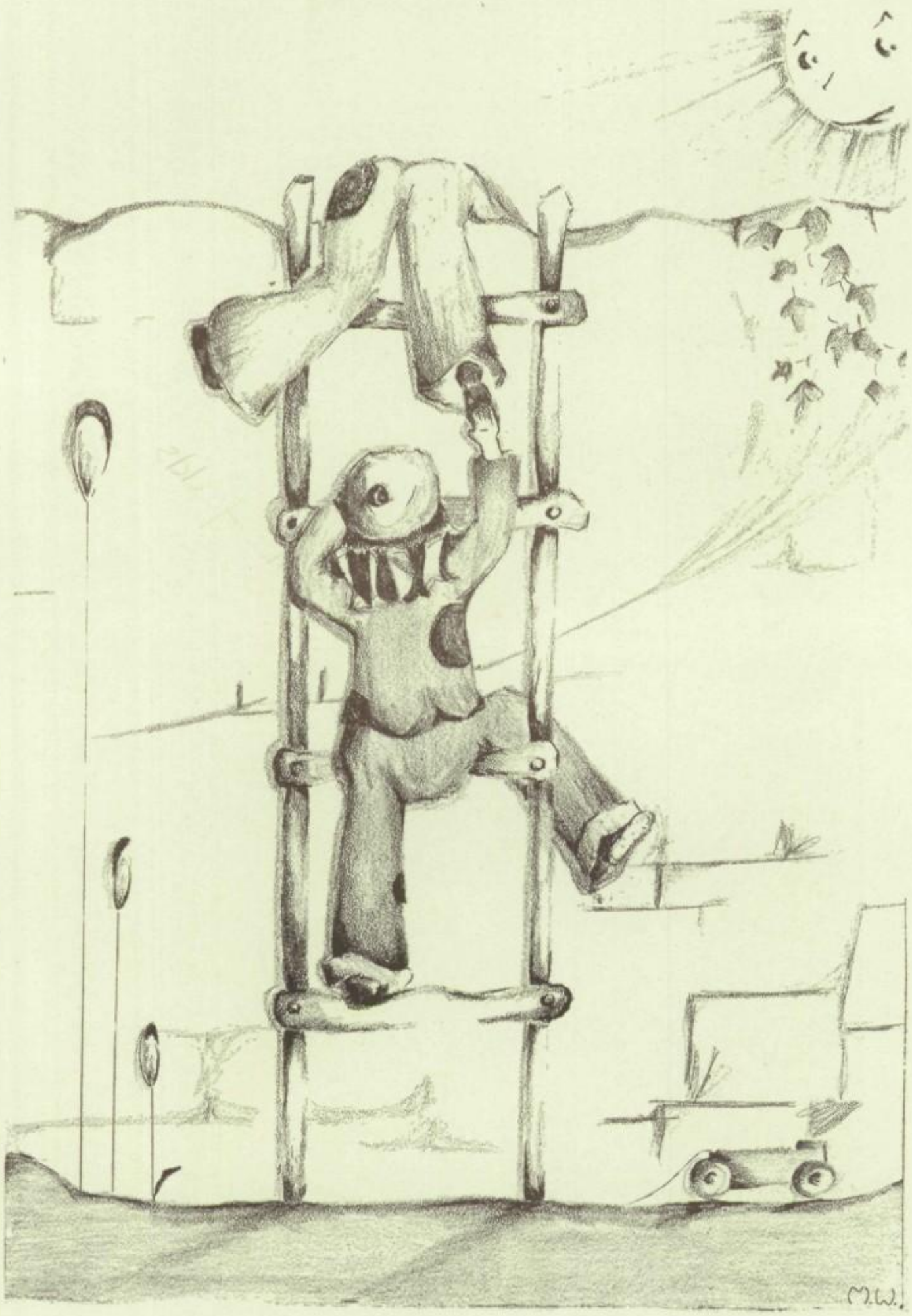
HEY BABE!

WELL-?!

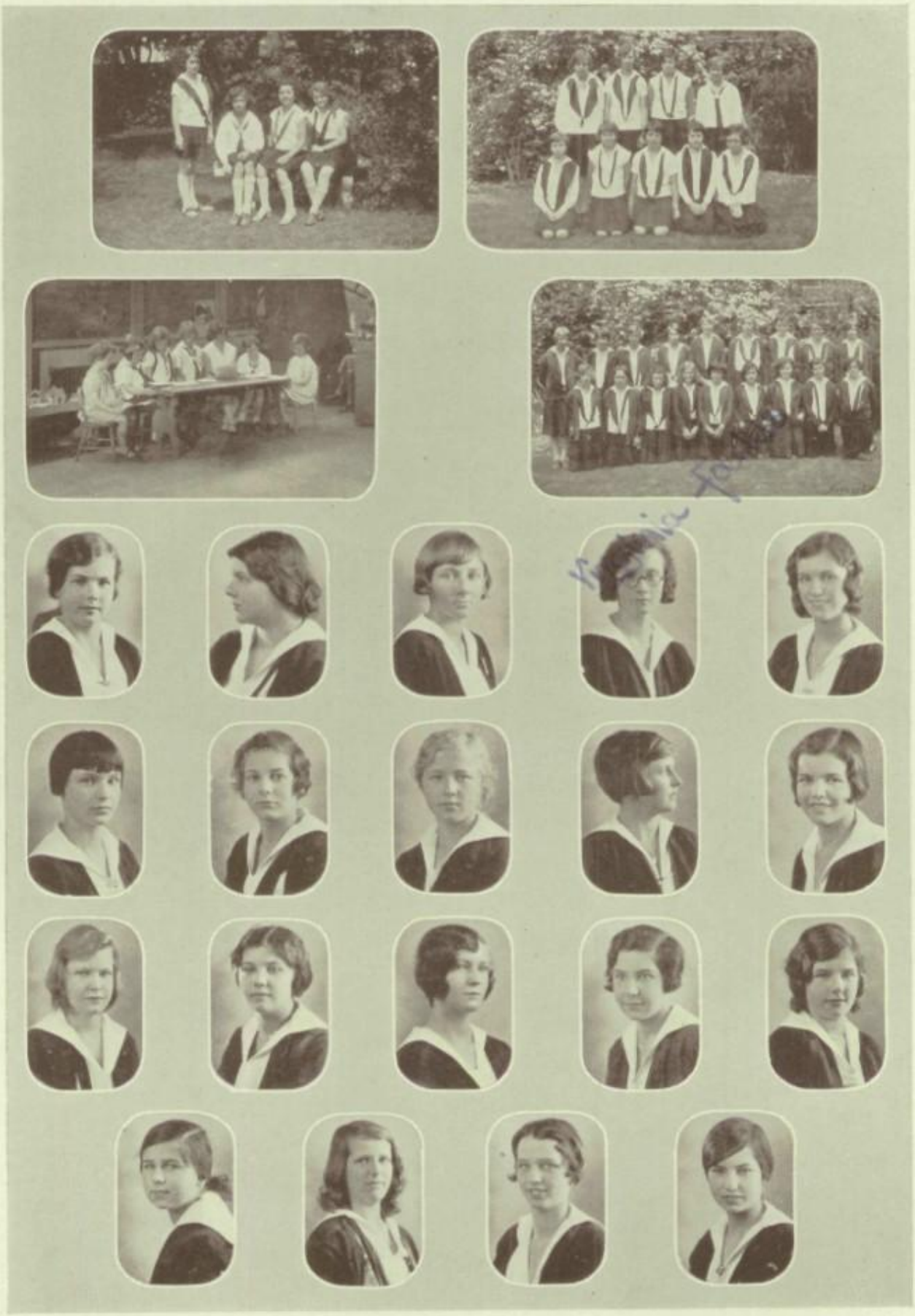
YE JOLLY SOPHIES

SPRING HAS SPRUNG

A GENIUS IN OUR MIDST



LOWER SCHOOL

Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel

Martha Barnett Kathryn Bennett Barbara Bullis Virginia Foulds Betty Friend
Marjorie Graham Barbara Linforth Maybelle Mills Kathleen Moorhead Patty Murray
Kathryn Pierce Georgine Porter Helen Rader Beth Regli Dorothy Sanders
Geraldine Seaman Karin Lund Katherine Thornton Paula Wood

Pet

She had a nest so cosy,
With twelve eggs in it too,
I helped her keep her secret,
And not a body knew.

Sometimes, when she was thirsty
I filled her water cup,
And when I took her corn to eat
She swallowed it all up.

She knew just how to thank me,
By a croaking in her throat,
And if I touched her eggs a bit
She had a crosser note.

At last I heard a chirping,
I looked, and oh, oh, oh!
I saw twelve tiny baby heads
Cuddled up just so.

MARY KINNOCH, *Sixth Grade.*

A Kitty Verse

Dear little Fluffy
So soft and gray
Comes to the barn
Every day,
Catches some mice
And runs away,
Dear little Fluffy
So soft and gray!

A. V. S. J.

Seven Little Tumblers

U-OO-OO!!" That was the elephants. "R-rou-un!!" This time it was the lions, but it was no great thing. The animals always grew noisy when they were hungry (which they usually were before four o'clock). The uproar was terrible, but it did not disturb the little tumblers. They were used to it.

There were seven little tumblers; Joe, John, Jack, George, Sam, Tim, and Tom. George thought himself too good for the others, so he was an indifferent companion. Perhaps he was just unfortunate, for seven is an odd number, you know, so if the boys wanted to pair off, somebody had to be without a chum. However, if George had been like Tim, he could not have been alone if he had tried, for Tim's was a different story.

Tim appeared to be a quiet little fellow, but the circus people knew he was the ringleader among his troupe-friends. Tim and Jack were allies and always up to mischef, and constantly making trouble for someone. If they did not let the elephants loose, or tease the lions, they would chase the zebras and scare them into a stampede. But it was usually thoughtless mischief. They were just healthy boys, and nothing to do between tumbles but think up ways to relieve the monotony while wating for their next act.

One day the seven little tumblers were riding around one of the fields on the backs of their favorite elephants. George, the odd boy, ran his elephant up behind Tim's and prodded it with a sharp stick. Tim's beast let out a wild trumpeting and waved his trunk about angrily. All this puzzled Tim. George had dropped back towards the rear of the procession and was innocently engaged in sharpening a pencil, though why he might be needing a pencil at such a time never occurred to Tim. All the other boys were practicing hair-raising stunts on the backs of their animals. Tim was still trying to calm his excited elephant when Jack, his team-mate, joined him. Jack had seen the sly George and reported the whole affair to his chum.

Tim was very angry. He felt that George had done this spitefully, in an attempt to hurt him. If his elephant had thrown him, the little tumblers would have been six instead of seven, and the odd boy would have had a mate.

The next morning, Tim was awake very early. Calling Jack, he said, "I have planned my revenge. It is this; you must pretend to be awfully mad at me. Say, so that everyone on the lot can hear you, that you never want to see me again. Don't chum around with me, except in private. Then, you go to the manager and beg him to let you and George have the zebras. Don't stop

teasing for them until he says 'yes,' and then come away. I'll meet you in the aquarium . . . the store house end, you know. Then I'll go and ask for a zebra too. When you and George get up on your zebras, ride over to the road where the calliope is. I'll be hiding with my zebra, on the other side of the calliope. When you get close to the spot, point over to the fuel boxes and say, 'Oh George, see that blackbird perched on that lump of coal!' He will probably say 'no, where is it?' Then you can say 'wait here! I'll get some spy glasses.' While he is watching the spot I can creep up and bump his zebra so hard with mine that I'll push him off and give him a good shake-up."

"Agreed! Good for you!" cried Jack. "He can't get hurt very much, falling from a zebra, but we can make him mighty uncomfortable."

Tim's plan worked well up to a certain point. Over went George into the dust. What a cloud he made! The dust got into everybody's nose until they all sneezed and sneezed. Oh, how their eyes hurt, and how nasty their mouths felt with the grit. The bump and the sneezing and shouting annoyed the nervous zebras and they broke away, galloping madly around the field, snorting and kicking as they went. The other little tumblers, who had been dressing in their tent, saw the runaway zebras ,with Tim and Jack clinging desperately to their necks. With a loud shout, the tumblers set out after their friends, with some idea of trying to stop the zebras. A crowd soon gathered, and in it was the manager, Mr. Founder. He and M. Lorenze, the zebra keeper, caught the frightened animals, and the boys, when they came to themselves, found that something had hold of their ears. When they looked up, they met the angry eyes of the manager and the zebra trainer. Behind the men, George stood scowling and pointing. Tim and Jack knew at once that George had been tale-bearing. He was just the kind to betray them.

"What do you mean by creating this disturbance in the middle of a performance?" demanded Mr. Founder. The trouble-makers were dragged back to their tent and made to tell their foolish story. It all seemed so silly when told to these grown-ups, and the boys saw their beloved leader in disgrace. Sam and Joe muttered a good deal about how they would put the manager out of his job. Where they got the idea, I do not know, but they were very serious about it. John and Tom were planning something too, as could be seen from their thoughtful faces. All the circus people watched them uneasily. Thoughtful tumblers meant future trouble.

That night six heads rested peacefully on three pillows, but George, the odd one, sat up in his lonely bed too worried for sleep. He would have given a great deal to know what was passing through their minds, but he had no clue. Only chums can read each others' minds.

RUTHALMA JOHNSON, *Grade Four*
Lower School, First Prize
Nods and Becks Literary Contest

Wild Flowers

Dainty little flowers,
    Blooming on the hills,
Show your pretty faces,
    Show your pretty frills.

Blue-bells and poppies,
    Dancing in the sun,
Buttercups and marigolds
    Joining in the fun.

When the winter comes,
    And everything is still,
Then the dainty flowers
    Close each little frill.

EILA KOHNKE, *Fifth Grade*

Home

I love a place where the pine tree grows,
I love a place that nobody knows,
I love a house that is near the sea,
I love a home for you and me,
Patsy Smith, grade three.

PATSY SMITH, *Grade Three*

Aunt Sunny

I love you because you are you,
Because you see me
Not as I am now,
But as you wish me to be
When I am grown.

I love you because you are part of everything
Good and beautiful;
The ocean when it is calm
And sunlit,
The bluest blue of the sky,
The stars when they tell me good-night
From my window.
I love you because you are you!

PATSY SMITH, *Grade Three*

Grandpa

I love to sit on Grandpa's knee
And hear the tales he tells to me
About when he was little,
He was nobody's pride and joy,
He was a very naughty boy,
That's why I love him.

Nobody can be always good,
And always do just what they should,
It isn't human nature.
So when I'm naughty and I cry
"Gramp" has a twinkle in his eye,
He winks at me . . .
Patsy Smith, Grade Three!

PATSY SMITH, *Grade Three*

Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,

SPORTS

ALUMNAE

Alumnae News

ENGAGEMENTS

Corynne Catherine Chittenden—James Lloyd Coates.
Ethel Valentine Saunders—Kenneth McQueen Graham.
Miriam Morgan Dangan—Francis Lutts Cross.
Marjorie Danborn—Howard Gardiner McClure.

MARRIAGES

Claire Elforest Graves—Avis Winslow Peckham, June 5, 1929.
Jane Elizabeth Howe—Stanley Edward Willey, September 4, 1929.
Helen Elizabeth Munger—James Rosetrough Saughn, September 19, 1929.
Eugenia Coolidge—Larry Grant Aven, June 22, 1929.
Eva Alta Miller—Ralph Edward Vaneur Maillen, April 27, 1929.
Marian Lathrop Thomas—Kendric Burpee Morrish, August 24, 1929.
Erna Louise Basch—Graydon Alexander Milton, May 26, 1929.
Corynne Catherine Chittenden—James Lloyd Coates, September 14, 1929.
Jean Elizabeth Angus—Ferre Charles Watkins, June 27, 1929.
Jane Elizabeth Elengwood—Theodore Marshall Hambrook, June 7, 1929.
Ellen Canza—Danzie Cassiusglines, February 9, 1929.
Azalea Adelaide Kieruff—Percival Eaton McDowell, April 13, 1929.
Harriet Virginia Good—John Duane Thompson, August 19, 1929.
Jessie Morrison Marshall—Assadour Bodigian, September 21, 1929.
Barbara Jean Platt—Stetson McSallen, November 13, 1929.
Genevieve Norvell—Charles Allen Stuart, March 12, 1930.
Mary Elizabeth Smith—Edwin Russell Chandler, October 8, 1929.
Katherine Louise Boole—Robert Farpeon Legge, March 31, 1929.
Yvonne de Tolia—Herbert James Cornish, Jr., June 15, 1929.
Ruth Younger—Frederic Cambell Bemer, June 15, 1929.

BIRTHS

Lieutenant and Mrs. Hugh Weber Turney, (Marjorie Hills) a daughter, March 22, 1929.
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson A. Jones (Constance Shallock) a daughter, March 27, 1929.
Mr. and Mrs. Enerell Le Baron (Lois Appleton) a son, April 25, 1929.
Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Dallas Dillenger, a daughter, June 2, 1929.

Even in the cannon's mouth; and then the justice,

Class of 1929

University of California: Mary Atkins, Elizabeth Beedy, Narendra Blair, Marian Clark, Lady Jane Hatfield, Jacqueline Jacobus.
Pomona College: Barbara Clark, Alice Butler, Ruth Bartlett.
University of Southern California: Ruth Gavin.
University of California Agricultural College: Florence Hotchkiss.
University of California, Los Angeles: Jane Crutcher.
Mills College: Fannie Heck.
Arts and Crafts: Edith Barton.
Cora Williams Institute: Evelyn Hodghead.

LOOK WHO WE HAVE HERE

WHY THE IMPERTINENCE?

GO GET 'EM, GIRLS!

HAPPY DAYS

JUST JOHNNY

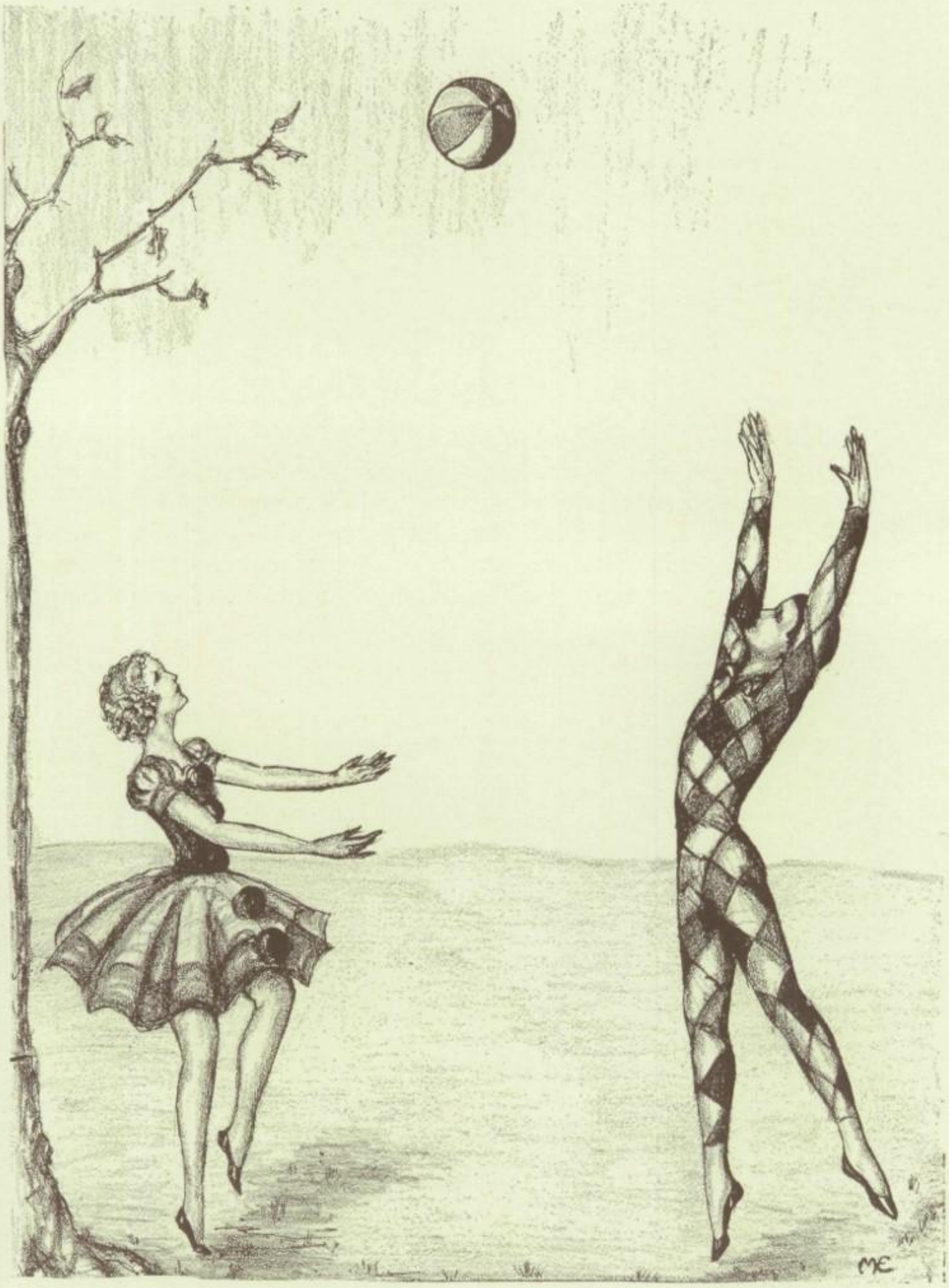
IT'S VEE

OUR SPRING GARDEN

HEADS DOWN

GUESS WHO?

WHAT'S UP NOW?



SPORTS

Sports

Success has crowned the efforts of the Anna Head School in athletics this year. Under Miss Reynolds' leadership our teams have nobly upheld the honor of our school.

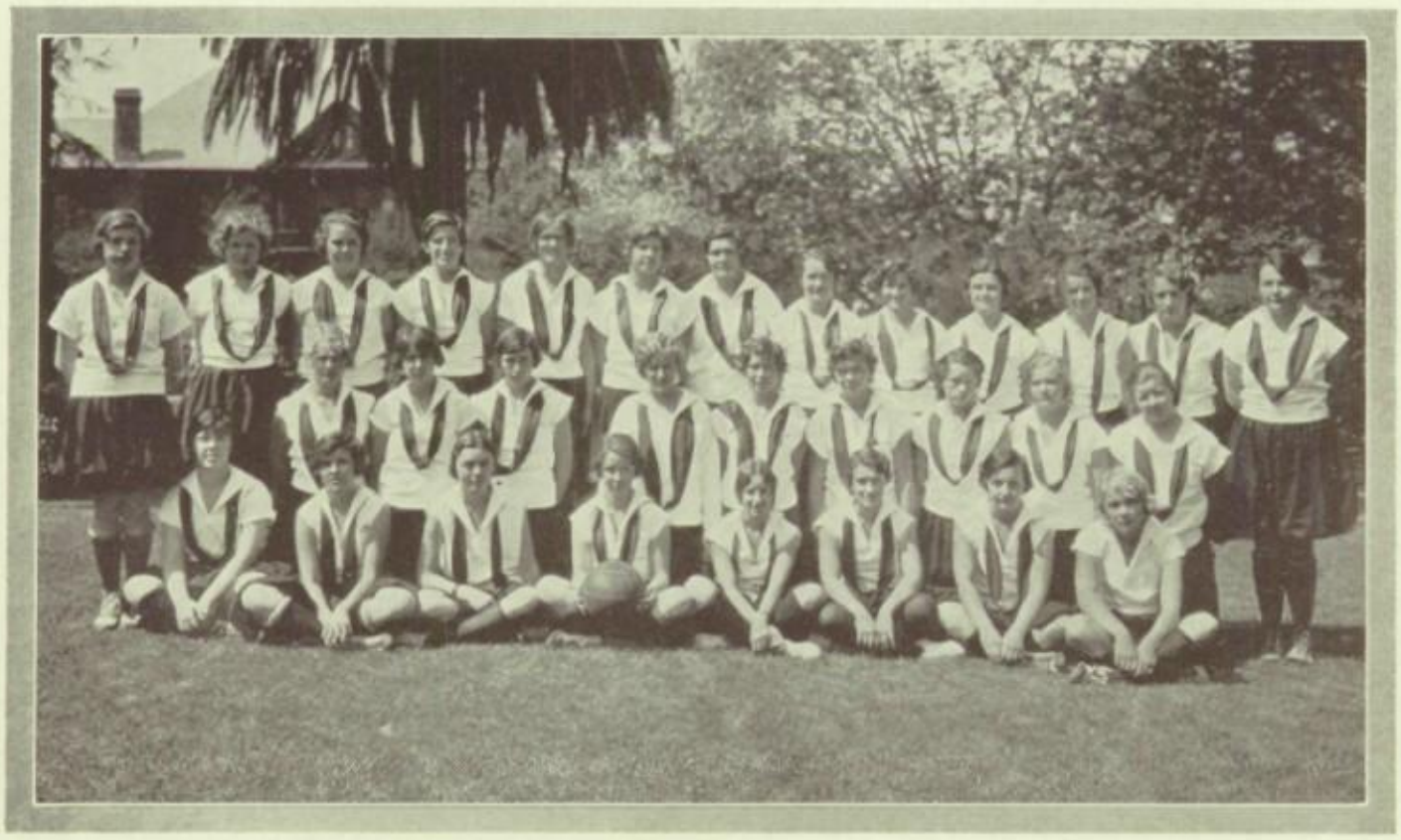
Hockey

This year our hockey showed a great deal of new and promising material. The girls worked with enthusiasm. Rigorous training rules were set forth, followed by an early selection of teams, which were coached ably by Miss Reynolds. A short time before Thanksgiving vacation the "Big Game," with Miss Ransom's and Miss Bridges' School took place. Both our teams were defeated. The games were at all times hotly contested and very exciting.

HOCKEY TEAMS

FIRST		SECOND
Jeane Meredith	Goal	Martha Lowsley
Katherine Foulke	R. F.	Elizabeth Canaga
Elizabeth Fogg	L. F.	Dorothy Cadwalader
Charlotte Friend	R. H.	Beth Thomas
Vadna Rich	L. H.	Judith Hechtman
Jean Jacobs (C)	C. H.	Lucy Fay
Marian Young	R. W.	Dorothy Bryant
Julia Keenan	R. I.	Dorothea Minor
Constance Olney	C. F.	Marilyn Blagan
Betty Miller	L. I.	Levinia Cressup
Carolyn Rowel	L. W.	Mary Hodgkins

Substitutes: Betty Ross, Harriet Reeder, Betty Clark.



Basketball

Basketball is our most popular sport. This was shown by the large turnout. The girls were all eager to take pointers in the technique of the game. It was not until a few days before the game with Miss Hamlin's School, however, that the first team was chosen. The score was 29 to 25 in favor of Miss Hamlin's.

Castilleja came up from Palo Alto, bringing her three squads. Her third team defeated ours, (23 to 15) but we won both with our first team and second, with a score of 43 to 12, and 24 to 14.

A week later we played our "Big Game" with the Ransom-Bridges School. Both our teams came home with laurels, with scores of thirty-seven to thirty-five for the first team, and sixty-three to forty-two for the second team.

On April first, we played Miss Burks' School in our last game of the season, and finished with a victory of forty-five to twenty-five. Everyone out for basketball deserves much credit, but a great deal goes to our coach, Miss Marian Reynolds.

Basketball Teams

FIRST		SECOND
Agnes Irwin	R. F.	Janet Ronneburg
Jean Jacobs	L. F.	Elizabeth Dolman
Mary Porter, and Helen Bowler	C.	Mary Louise Cobb
Eleanor Hunt	S. C.	(c) Josephine Little
Vadna Rich	R. G.	Elizabeth Farmer
Charlotte Friend	L. G.	Harriet Reeder

Third Team

Dorothea Minor	R. F.	S. C.	Lucy Fay
Dorothy Cadwalader	L. F.	R. G.	(c) Betty Gerwick
Levinia Cressup	C.	L. G.	Peggy Craig

Substitutes: Elizabeth Fogg, Lucile Soule, Martha Howe, Dorothy Douglas, Marjorie Cherry, Carolyn Rowell, Julia Keenan, Beth Thomas.

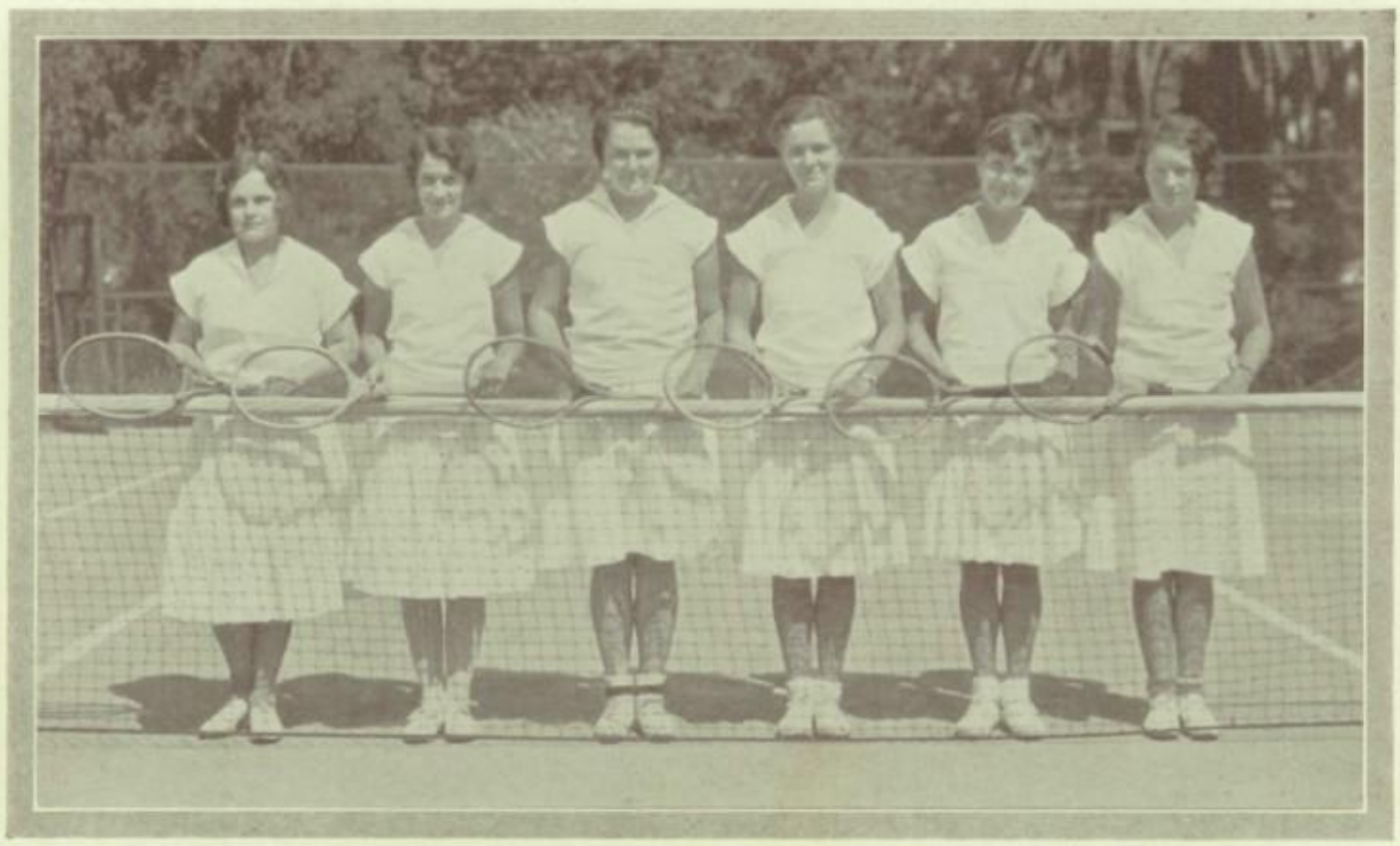
SOCCER

This year sees a new sport in our school. It is soccer. Nearly all the girls are beginners, but a great deal of enthusiasm is shown. Each class is expecting to have a team, and the interest will be kept alive by inter-class competition.

Tennis

Tennis has gained noticeably in popularity this year. A large number of girls entered the tournaments held for the purpose of selecting new members for the team. We have played several matches this year, preparatory to the Tennis Tournament. The first, with the Ransom-Bridges School, tied. The second, with Miss Hamlin's, ended with a score of one to three in their favor.

Everyone looked forward with eager anticipation to the Annual Tennis Tournament and Luncheon.



TENNIS TEAM

First Singles . . . . . Mary Cleveland
Second Singles . . . . . Harriet Peel
First Doubles . . . . . Janet Ronneburg, Eugenia Cross
Second Doubles . . Elizabeth Dolman, Dorothy Cadwalader

Substitutes: Gloria Gillingham, Frances Umphred.

The Girl Reserves

The Girl Reserve Group is a new activity in the school since Christmas. The first meeting was held on January thirty-first. The following week the group had its formal recognition service, followed by refreshments prepared and served by the members.

In the short existence of the group the members have had many a good time together, outstanding among which was a week-end at Asilomar.

A banquet and evening entertainment with an original minstrel show, in honor of the mothers of members was given.

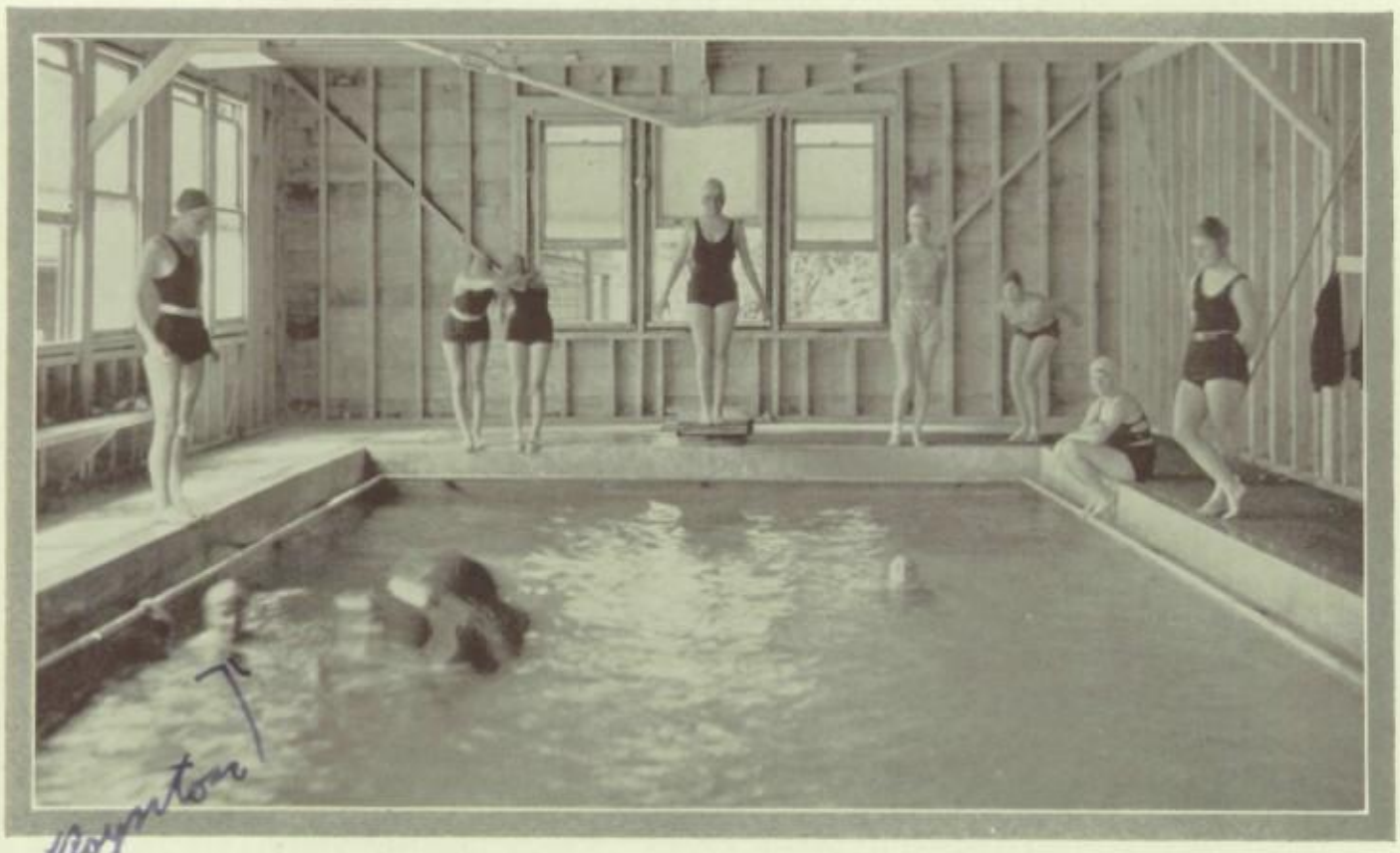
Tuesday, April ninth, an evening performance of Indian dances, given by Mr. Vernon de Mars, assisted by Mr. Paul Doane, in Alumnæ Hall, furnished delightful entertainment.

The bootblack shop, which the group has opened, has been great fun. The Tankhouse has been adopted as a meeting place, and the members have taken much pleasure in re-decorating the interior.

Miss Marian Reynolds, advisor, and Madeline MacCracken, president, have made the first term so enjoyable and successful that the members are looking forward with eager anticipation to the fall term.

Swimming

Owing to the gratefully received improvements on the pool, the swimming team has been able to keep up its practice nearly the whole year. The interest in swimming has increased immensely and this is partly due to Miss Reynolds, who has helped the girls greatly. Because so many more have come out for this sport in this last year, a much better team has been developed than in former years.



Elinore In Yellow

When Elinore appears in yellow,
    Pale chiffon over satin's gleam,
The man beside her . . . lucky fellow . . .
    Will think life all a primrose dream.

From where the bodice ruffle's petals
    Light rise and fall to breathing sweet,
To where the chiffon floats and settles
    Softly about her dainty feet . . .

I wish I were that other fellow
    To sit and dream the evening through,
When Elinore appears in yellow . . .
    What will that other fellow do?

S. T.

Commencement

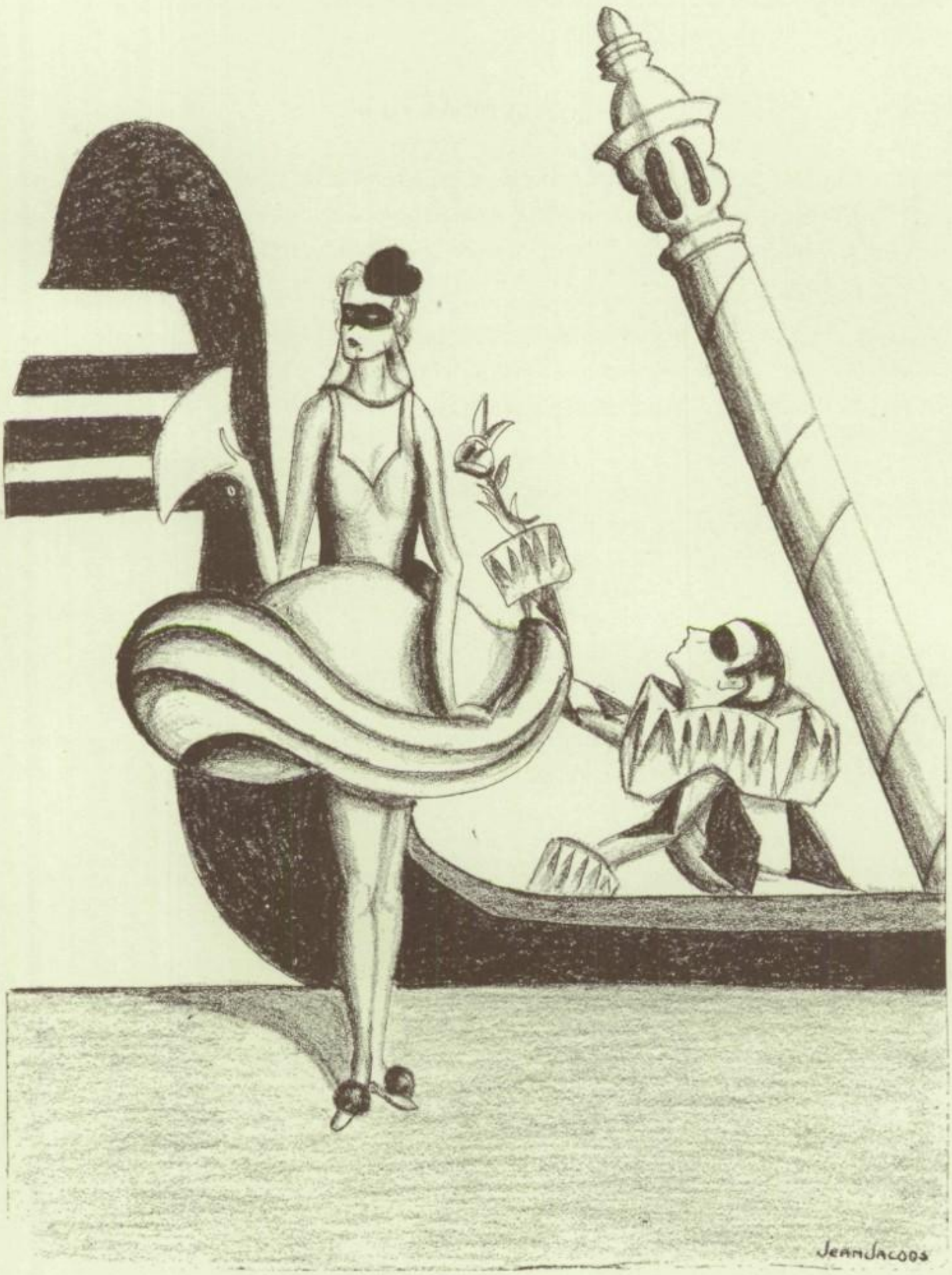
From out the haven of our youth
    Our little craft we launch,
To sail upon Life's unknown seas
    With sturdy hearts and staunch.

And as the breezes briskly waft
    Our cargo of bright dreams
We turn our thoughts to Anna Head
    Whose beacon brightly gleams.

Encouraged by fond memories sweet
    Of pleasant school days here
We press, undaunted, to our goal
    With ne'er a thought of fear.

And though the troubled, angry sea
    May keep us miles apart,
We know we'll always have a place
    In Alma Mater's heart.

Elizabeth Kant, '30.



DRAMA

Dramatics

DECEMBER eleventh was as rainy an evening as could be imagined, yet Alumnæ Hall was crowded with people who had ventured forth to see the Dramatic Club's presentation, produced under the able leadership of Miss Yancey.

The first play of the evening was "My Lady Dreams" by Eugene Pillot. This was a very amusing and whimsical comedy, of which the scene was laid in a lady's boudoir. The characters were as follows:

The Lady . . . . . ELINOR RILEY
Marie, her maid . . . . . ELIZABETH DOLMAN
A Little Old Lady . . . . . ELINOR LATHROP
The Other Woman . . . . . ALICE LUMGAIR
The Two Adorables . . TIMMIE PLUNKETT, VIRGINIA SAAM

"Hearts," by Alice Gerstenberg, was a play cleverly centered about a bridge game. The characters in this play were:

Mrs. Jay Thorne . . . . . BONNIE SQUIRES
Mrs. Edwin Puff . . . . . ELIZABETH SMITH
Mrs. Russell Russell . . . . . VIRGINIA LUM
Mrs. Mortongay . . . . . BARBARA JONES

The last play of the evening, a fantastic love story called "The Vanishing Princess" was written by John Golden. It had an abundance of funny incidents and some delicate pathos. The members of the cast were:

Mr. I. Say . . . . . BETTY MILLER
Miss Cindy . . . . . FRANCES REID
Matinka . . . . . GERALDINE BINGAMAN
The King . . . . . HELEN BIGGERSTAFF
Reading of Prologue . . . . . JUNE NORVELL

The second red-letter day of the year for the Dramatic Club was that of April thirtieth, when the club presented its second group of plays. This work also won general applause.

The "Knave of Hearts," by Louise Saunders, which was the first play presented, gave a truly original version of the conventional villian knave, by showing him in the character of hero. The characters were:

Manager . . . . . BETTY MILLER
Blue Hose . . . . . NANCY SHERWIN
Yellow Hose . . . . . JUNE NORVELL
First Herald . . . . . MARTHA HEYWOOD
Second Herald . . . . . SALLY MONROE
Chancellor . . . . . ELIZABETH KANT
Ursula . . . . . ALICE LUMGAIR
Violetta . . . . . VIRGINIA LUM

Pages: Ruth Kuns, Eila Kohnke, Mary Kinnock, Elizabeth Sparling, Mary Lou McLemore, and Virginia Saam.

"Pirates," by Colin Campbell Clements, has a title which is a little misleading. One expected to hear about "fifteen men on a dead man's chest," But not at all. The plot centres upon a series of misunderstandings. The town gossips have it that the heroine is about to elope with a man already married. The untangling of the resulting complications gave the audience an exciting half-hour. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Warren . . . . . ALLA PATERSON
Betty Warren . . . . . DOROTHY DILLABOUGH
Mrs. Lowty . . . . . BARBARA SHERBOURNE
Mrs. Romney . . . . . CORNELIA GREGOR
Mrs. Pickering . . . . . BETTY FARMER
Mrs. Val . . . . . ANNE BARR
Clara . . . . . SALLY MYERS

The "Turtle Dove," by Margaret Oliver, is beautiful in its simplicity. The entire stage setting consisted of a willow plate. The plot was a love story interwoven with the history of the willow pattern. Every member of the cast did her part excellently. This play concluded the program.

Chorus	Flora Lamson
Chan-Sut-Yen	Lucile Mast
Mandarin	Mary Emma Jeffress
Kwen-Lin	Patsy Anderson
God of Fate	Frances Hammond
Property Man	Carolyn Rowell
Gong Bearer	Cynthia Chapman

The Dramatic Club has had a very active and enjoyable year, and its endeavors have met with general commendation.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club

THE Glee Club has worked under the direction of Mrs. Helen Moore for the past two semesters, and has given two very original programs.

"At the Cabaret," a Russian skit, was presented, in which Jonatha Jones danced to the accompaniment of the entire chorus singing "The Pedlar," a Russian folk-song.

The club presented a series of old English carols, arranged by Mrs. Moore, before school closed for the Christmas holidays. An old English Christmas Eve, with wassailers and a family gathering, was followed by an interpretation of midnight mass, with the Glee Club singing a Bach chorale. The program ended with *Adeste Fidelis.*

Settings and color schemes for both performances were made by some of the members under the guidance of Mrs. Moore.

There will be no operetta this year, but the club will sing at the Baccalaureate Service, and at the Commencement exercises.

ORCHESTRA

Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel

The Orchestra

THE orchestra has always been a rather small organization in the school. It meets on Friday, every week, in Alumnæ Hall. The chief duty of the orchestra is to furnish music before and in between acts of the Dramatic Club plays. Both classical and popular music is played, and all types of instruments are welcomed. The personel this year has been as follows:

Leader . . . . . Miss Sherwood
First Mandolin . . . . . Elizabeth Webb
Frances Hammond, Mlle. Werleman
Second Mandolin . . . . . (Pres.) Martha Lowsley
Guitar . . . . . Jane Graham and Martha Heywood
Ukelele . . . . Elizabeth Canaga and Ruth Hammond
'Cello . . . . . Laura Leigh Foulds
Pianist . . . . . Virginia Foulds

BOOK CLUB

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

The Book Club

THIS year under the able leadership of Miss Throop, adviser, the Book Club has reviewed many interesting works by well-known writers. Although the club has so few members this year, it has been able to discuss thoroughly the works of such writers as G. B. Stern, Don Marquis, Christopher Morley, The Bronte Sisters, a group of distinguished poets, and autobiographies of many interesting men who have made our literature and history. There are several other authors who will be discussed before the year is over.

The meetings are held on the second and fourth Thursdays of the month. These meetings began at school, but as the term progressed, the club was asked to the homes of members. These gatherings were very delightful and they were enjoyed by all the members.

This year Elizabeth Kant is president. In the membership there are Carol Craft, Madelene MacCracken, Anne Hus, Julia Keenan, Folra Lamson, Betty Gerwick, Marjorie Campbell, Elizabeth Goodfellow, Elizabeth Van Loben Sels, and Cornelia Abbott.

SOCIETY

Society

THE first function of the school year was a delightful tea given by Miss Julie Swobe and Miss Marjorie Mathews, at the Orinda Country Club, on Friday, October eleventh.

On the nineteenth of October, Miss Frances Reid, and her sisters, Mildred and Dorothy, former students of Anna Head, entertained with an attractive tea given at their home.

The home of Miss Betty Gerwick was the setting for a delightfully appointed tea on Friday, October twenty-fifth.

Saturday, December twenty-first, Miss Helen Segelhurst entertained at a charming formal dance given at the Claremont Assembly. The room was decorated in keeping with the Christmas spirit.

On Saturday night, November twenty-seventh, the *Nods and Becks* Group entertained at a lovely informal dance, which was held in Alumnæ Hall.

Among the first events of the year in the Junior Class was an attractive dance given by Miss Jane Mathews.

Miss Toria Pinckney entertained at a delightful luncheon on January third.

The home of Miss Naomi Smith was the setting for a charming tea on January eleventh.

The Junior Class entertained the Senior Class on January eighteenth with a gorgeous dance, held in Alumnæ Hall.

On February the fifteenth the Claremont Country Club was the setting for a lovely tea given by Miss Eugenia Cross and Miss Sally Myers. Among those serving were Betty Holly, Harriet Peel, Vadna Rich, Jean Jacobs, Mary Porter, Dale Andrews, Helen Segelhurst, Elizabeth Armstrong, Jean Conglin, Miriam Dungan, Helen Frisielle.

Miss Charlotte Willoughby and Miss Alice Jean Floyd entertained on February twenty-second with a tea.

Miss Betty Holley entertained with a charming tea at her home on March first. The table was beautifully dressed in harmony with the spring season.

Miss Barbara Sherbourne entertained at her home in North Berkeley with a lovely bridge luncheon on March fifteenth.

The home of Miss Constance Olney was the setting for a delightful tea on March the twenty-second. Among those serving were Marion Cory, Gloria

Gillingham, Charlotte Willoughby, Toria Pinckney, Harriet Peel, Margaret Wentworth, Mildred Reid, Helen Segelhurst, Betty Holley, Vadna Rich, Margaret Place, and Alice Jean Floyd.

On the evening of March twenty-second, the Senior Class entertained the Junior Class at an attractive dance given in Alumnæ Hall. The patronesses were Miss Wilson, Miss Shunk, and Miss Peckham.

The Orinda Country Club was the setting for a delightfully appointed bridge luncheon, given by Miss Julia Keenan, on Saturday, March twenty-ninth.

Miss Elizabeth Fogg gave a lovely dinner at the Claremont Hotel, on Wednesday night, March nineteenth.

Miss Enid Burgess and Miss Anne Craycroft entertained at a semi-formal dance, on Saturday evening, April fifth, at the Orinda Country Club.

Miss Elizabeth Webb and Miss Mary Bell entertained at their home on Roble Road, with a lovely tea on the afternoon of Friday, April fourth.

The Nods and Becks Group entertained at a gorgeous bridge-tea given in Alumnæ Hall under the patronage of Miss Throop, on Saturday afternoon, April fifth.

Miss Vadna Rich entertained with a charming tea given at her home on Saturday, April twenty-sixth.

Miss Estelle Perry and Miss Jean Anderson were the hostesses at a lovely dance given at the Claremont Assembly on April twenty-sixth.

The College Women's Club was the scene of a delightful dance given by Miss Madelene MacCracken, on May third.

Miss Martha Howe entertained with a tea on Saturday, May third, at her home on the Uplands.

Miss Marion Corey, Miss Margaret Wentworth, and Miss Harriet Peel, were the hostesses at a delightful tea on Saturday, May seventeenth.

On May third, the tennis year came to its climax in the Tennis Luncheon held at the Claremont Hotel.

On the twenty-eighth of May, the most thrilling day of the year for the Senior Class, Miss Wilson will be hostess at a Senior Banquet, in the afternoon, at the Orinda Country Club. The evening of the same day, Miss Wilson is again hostess at the Alumnæ Banquet. On May twenty-ninth, a day of mingled joy and sorrow, the Senior Class will say good-bye to Miss Wilson and to Anna Head School.

An Imaginary Day In The Life of John Milton

MILTON had scarcely risen, one snowy morning in January, before a messenger arrived bidding him make haste to see Cromwell on a matter of pressing importance. Milton dressed as quickly as possible and hastily ordering his carriage, drove through the deserted streets with the messenger.

As he rode along, Milton reflected on the character of the man whose merest suggestion he obeyed so implicitly, and upon the succession of events which had changed England in a few short months from the gaiety and color of the latter part of the Elizabethan age to the sombreness and religious atmosphere of the present day. He reviewed with satisfaction the growth and advancement of the common people toward the goal of complete liberty that was his dream and burning ambition to have England achieve. While he was thus meditating, ideas for a splendid essay came to him. He resolved to write it that night, although he felt a faint regret that he must neglect his poetry to write "with his left hand." However, freedom was the most important thing, and he must expect to sacrifice something to help achieve it.

He was soon ushered into the presence of the man most feared, hated, and yet at the same time respected, in all England. The stocky, dynamic figure was seated at his desk when Milton entered. His eyes, when they rested upon the poet's, gleamed almost with the light of fanaticism, but they were counteracted by the firm jaw and practical manner of the Lord Protector.

"Milton," said he, "we realize how indebted we are to you for your many valuable contributions to the cause of the Commonwealth, and we are requesting you to do one more task for us. Leyden has written a book attacking the Commonwealth and upholding the late king. You realize, of course, that if such literature were to fall into the hands of the people it would seriously undermine the principles for which we stand. Therefore, we wish you to write a fitting answer; one that will undo all this harm."

Milton felt his blood fired with enthusiasm as ideas began to formulate, but he showed no sign of his emotion when he promised to write the essay, and at once took his leave of the Lord Protector.

As he drove hastily through the streets, he passed one of the most popular theatres in London during the reign of the late king. It was now closed, boarded up and deserted, with fragments of posters on the outside only increasing the desolation of the scene. Milton, the man whose mind years before had pictured the glowing enchantments of Comus, the pure beauty of the lady, in a masque full of exquisite imagery, a dramatic composition that surpassed anything since Shakespeare; he who had penned *L'Allegro,* charming and merry . . . gave a sigh of satisfaction that such frivolous and abandoned places as theatres were now closed. "It is well," he murmured to himself, "that people are thinking more to the saving of their souls than to the entertaining of their senses."

Arriving home, he entered his study and immediately began to write down the thoughts that had been surging through his brain all day. He wrote steadily all afternoon and far into the night. So engrossed was he that he had no conception of time, but at length the blinding pain in his eyes forced him to lay down reluctantly the *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio,* which was to cost him his eyesight. He went wearily to bed, conscious of an inward glow of satisfaction over what he had accomplished on that day.

Lisbeth Chenoweth, '30.

Calendar, 1929-1930

EPTEMBER 10: Boarders arrive! Ransacking of trunks for new clothes and photographs to show! And oh! so much to tell about a glorius summer.

September 11: School starts. The old routine again. Just watch the boarders gain!

September 14: The old girls give the new girls a party. Frightened looks vanishing.

September 15: First male caller! Faithfully scrutinized by the boarders and deemed adorable.

September 26: Dramatic Club members fight for parts.

September 27. We go to Don Pasquale and on the return trip eat hamburgers with Miss Wilson in a dignified manner.

September 28: Faust . . . superb! And what's more, the boarders are still going after a week-end of dissipations.

September 30: Casts chosen for the plays. Congratulations to the lucky ones.

October 4: *The Cabaret!* Again a huge success, both socially and financially.

October 9: A genius in our midst! Little Ruth Slenczynski gives us an amazing concert.

October 18: *Month End! ! !*

October 21: Infirmary full! What *did* the boarders do? Ask the innocent day pupils!

October 24: First Symphony.

October 25: Cold cream jars found empty! Lost cold cream located in most peculiar places in the gables and on third floor.

October 26: Half of Anna Head plans to be aviatrix after Miss Kelly's winning talk on aviation.

October 28: Meeting of all house seniors called by Miss Wilson. New girls quake. Old girls *pretend* nonchalance. *Oh!* Just a discussion of senior privileges!

October 31: *Hallowe'en! !* Peculiar odors force boarders to cease studying. Door knobs disappear. Beds applepied. Ghosts! ! !

November 7: Senior rings . . . and seventy-one proud seniors.

November 9: Our first dance of the year, given by the *Nods and Becks* group.

November 12: Report cards again.

November 19: Miss Ransom's win in hockey, but just wait for basketball.

November 23: Senior pictures. And Oh! Do seniors like flattery? That poor photographer!

November 27: Once more home for Thanksgiving.

December 4: Dr. Hunter tells about Alaska.

December 11: Dramatic Club plays a grand success.

December 13: Friday, the thirteenth! Something went wrong! Two newly vacated beds found on the sleeping porch.

December 18: Infirmary full and running over! With big red stockings, this time, not boarders. No, not even Gin Warden!

December 20: What a commotion. *Christmas vacation!*

January 13: Everyone breathless! *Finals!*

January 18: We catch our breath and recuperate at the Junior-Senior formal.

January 20: New semester . . . new girls . . . and plenty of new resolutions.

January 22: Mr. Weisshaus entertains us with a concert of modern music.

January 24: Senior lectures.

February 5: We have our intelligence tested!

February 20: Our last month-end, but we'll make it worth remembering, never fear!

March 3: Our primary department publishes "Quadrangle News, our first school paper.

March 6: Opening of our basketball season by playing Miss Hamlin's.

March 13: We trounce the faculty, but found them perfectly good sports.

March 15: Up comes Castilleja! But down to defeat they go! Afterwards, we serve a novelty luncheon.

March 17: Miss Ransom's, Thirty-five. A. H. S. *Thirty-seven! Basketball . . . Rah! Rah! Rah!*

March 20: We are entranced by Roland Hayes.

March 22: Senior-Junior formal. All that it should be. A lovely dance.

April 1: We end our basketball season with a victory over Miss Burk's.

April 2: French plays. Ils etaient tres bons!

April 5: *Nods and Becks* bridge tea. Bigger and better than ever.

April 11: Easter Vacation!

April 22: Boarders' closets a profusion of colors, which proves vacation a success.

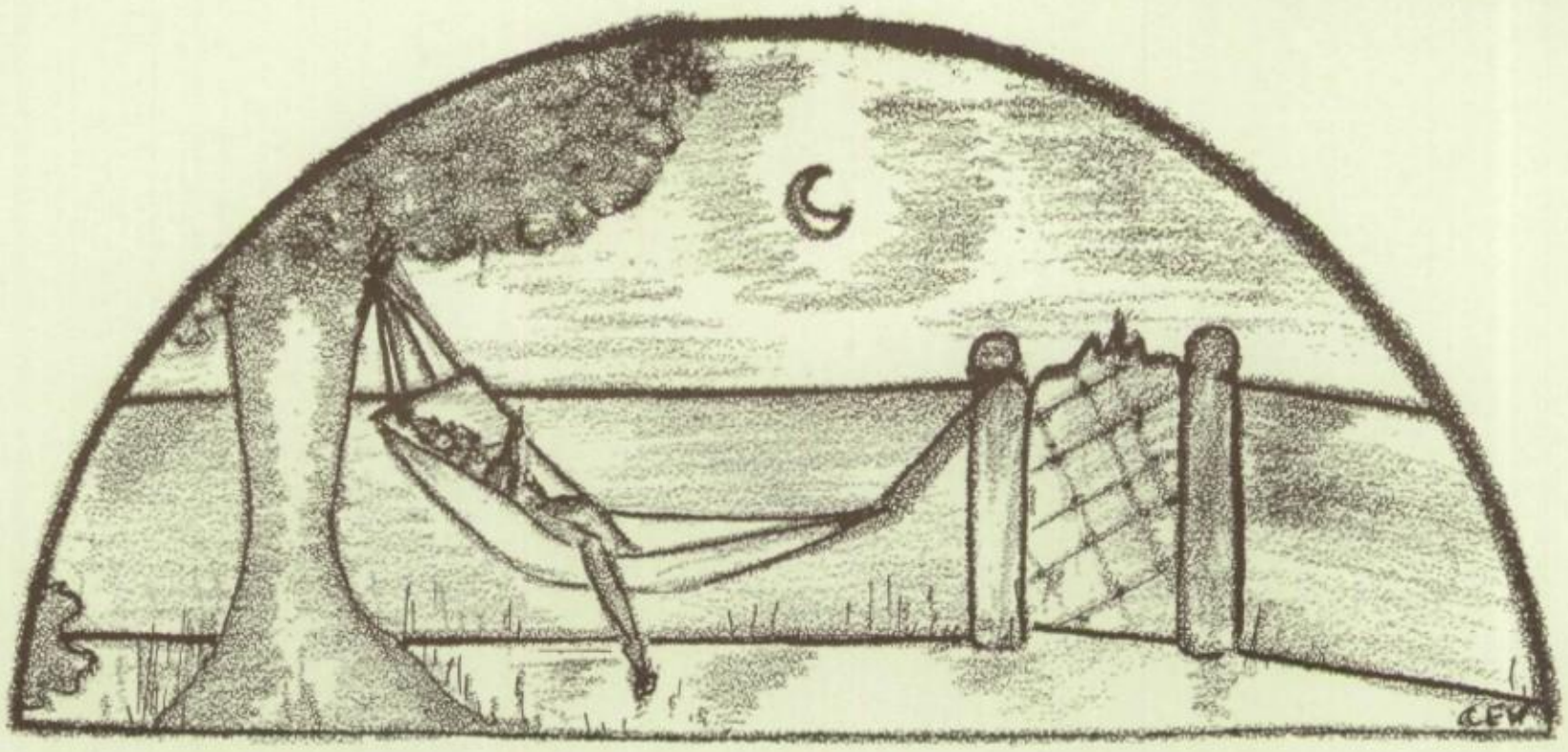
April 26: Boarders' informal dance.

May 3: Tennis Finals at Claremont. Everyone enjoys luncheon and songs afterwards.

May 22: Finals again.

May 28: What a day to remember! The Senior luncheon, followed that night by the alumnæ dinner!

May 29: *Graduation!!* 'Midst a feeling of triumph and success comes that lonely, hollow feeling, at the thought of leaving our Alma Mater. But we'll all come back for the alumnæ dinner and between now and then, Anna Head, "Our love is forever with you."



JOKES

The Vacuum Cleaner

It lurks within the closet
    Just as dark as it can be,
A saving of its hunger
  'Til another Saturday.

And on that awful morning
    It comes roaring out to eat
The dirt and dust and rubbish
    That's caused by grimy feet.

It eats all sorts of scraps and things
    That don't taste good at all,
Like pins, and threads, and bits of strings,
    And bugs that creep and crawl,
And once it ate some curtain rings,
    But they were rather small.

You always know it's coming
    By the bellow and the roar,
And the growling and snarling,
    As it creeps along the floor.

It's funny, when it's hungry
    It's small, and thin, and flat,
But when it starts to roar and eat,
    It's big, and round, and fat.

But some night when it's hungry
    I'm afraid that it will creep
From its closet to my bedside,
    And eat *me*, while I sleep!

MARY EMMA JEFFRES, '32.

The Grouch

"Croakity, croakity, croakity, croak . . .
I'll tell you something that isn't a joke,"
So spoke a grouchy, mean old frog,
Who lived in a cool and mossy bog.

"The whole round world is nothing but dirt,
Look at the slime on my shoes and my shirt,
You needn't laugh, and you needn't fun poke,
Life is miserable, Croak, Croak, Croak."

But the old marsh hen cried, "Bless my soul,
Why don't you get out of that old mud hole?
Don't sit there in that slime and soak,
And do nothing about it but croak and croak.

"Look up, and you'll see a mountain grand!
And skies that cover the smiling land,
And an eagle, who spreads his splendid wing,
Flowers that bloom, and birds that sing."

"My friend," said the crane, with a look most wise,
"If that croaker looks up it'll be a surprise.
He enjoys wearing sadly a martyr's yoke,
Don't waste your advice on people who croak!"

MARGARET GILMOUR, '30.

* *

Flora Lamson (reading model essay): "Our faithful horse is very old and has served my grandfather from the time he was a colt."

* *

Miss Throop: Cornelia, what is an arsenal?
Cornelia Abbott: It's a machine that shoots arsenic.

* *

Miss Yancey: This playful attitude is all right in its time and place.
Julia Keenan: Well, I must have my dates and times mixed.

A Boarder Going Home On Sunday

There is a little flivver, just as cute as it can be,
And once a week you'll see it coming here for Jer and me.

It parks among the Packards, and Lincolns, in a row,
And we seem to feel them thinking, "Does the old thing really go?"

It may not be as shiny as the other cars that come,
But *we* never have to worry, 'cause *we* know that it will run.

We bump along the highway, and pass a limousine
And they laugh at us, and say we're like a comic magazine,

But you see, we all love Henry, though he's not a one to climb,
For he takes us home on Sunday, and he gets us back on time!

DOROTHY BRYANT, '30.

April Is Here!

Miss Wilson (very seriously): Girls, you are probably anxious to know just what has been decided with regard to the house dance. Well . . . I've slept on it, and turned it over in my mind, and I've decided that for all concerned, and for the best reasons in the world, it would be best not to have a house dance this year.

Dead silence in the dining-room for thirty long seconds. Forty glum faces stare at forty portions of breakfast. Disappointment hangs like a heavy morning fog.

Miss Wilson (singing gaily): *April Fool!*

* *

Mrs. Kilburn: Why is our rising bell like a little pig's tail?

Nancy Mackle: I don't know.

Mrs. Kilburn: 'Cause it's to'early! (twirly)

A Short Story

THE moon shimmered on the lake. A faint breeze perfumed the air with the odor of honeysuckle. All was calm and peaceful . . . a perfect night in June. The roadster parked under the tree was half-hidden in the shadow, but the occupants could be seen in the dim light.

The man was ordinary. His type may be seen on any crowded city street. The woman was well dressed and good looking. One would have picked her for a society headliner.

He spoke, "Can't I possibly persuade you to stay with me? I can give you every advantage. You may entertain your friends and if you wish to go to the theatre once or twice a week, you are free to do so."

"No," she replied, "No inducement can persuade me to stay any longer. Please drive me to the station."

He yielded, but pleaded with her all the way. Finally, when the station lights gleamed a block away, he slowed down, and then stopped the car. "You can walk the rest of the way," he said peevishly. "I'll be shot if I'll take so much trouble for any cook!"

* *

Syntax Of A Kiss

A kiss is a noun that's common, and when desired
May be quite proper; so some say . . .
Its gender is common, second person required
Plural in number, in a singular way.
Its case is objective, you plainly can see,
And agrees in most cases, with you and with me.

* *

Eugenia: I hear a person is supposed to sleep eight hours a day.

Sally: Yes, that may be so, but who wants to take eight subjects?

* *

Miss Peckham: What has primitive man contributed to us?

Margaret Gilmour: Ancestors.

Conversation overheard on the study hall stair:

Constance: I wish my legs were longer.

Elizabeth: Oh, they'll do. They're long enough to reach the ground, anyway.

* *

Miss Hoffman: How was iron first discovered?

Virginia: I think I heard Pa say they smelt it.

* *

Well meaning botany teacher: Stand up, Margaret, and show Marjorie what an earthworm is.

* *

Rock-a-bye Senior, on the tree top,
As long as you study your grades will not drop,
If you stop digging, your standard will fall,
Down will come Senior, diploma, and all.

* *

Jean: I am studying the origin of blotting paper.

Snick: That must be very absorbing!

* *

Vadna: Have you ever taken chloroform?

Johnny: No, who teaches it?

* *

Miss Pool: Translate, "Rex fugit."

Jane Ward: The king flees.

Miss Pool: The perfect tense takes has.

Jane Ward: The king has flees.

* *

Miss Yancey: Virginia, what is a proper noun?

Virginia Phelps: I'd like to tell you, Miss Yancey, but I think that it will do you more good to look it up for yourself.

* *

How simple during class to let
My scrambled wits lull to repose,
And in my seat just set and set,
And dream and dream, and doze and doze.

Jane Umphred (reading from Halleck): "Like Macaulay, Newman excelled in the use of the concrete." What does he mean, Miss Throop? I thought that Newman was a writer.

Miss Jones: Explain "gender" Betty.

Betty Midgely: Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine, or neuter.

Mr. Eyring: Would you mind telling me your name?

Jane Ward: Why, there's my signature.

Mr. Eyring: Yes, that's what aroused my curiosity.

Jane Brock: I can't sleep with anything on my mind

Nancy Sherwin: You usually sleep well, don't you?

Miss Throop (reading): If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

Voice from the back: Going to read our grades?

Jane: There are only two girls I admire.

Estelle: Who's the other?

Julia Keenan: Do you play bridge?

Agnes Irwin: Yes, London Bridge, with the Primary Department.

Helen Mallet: Here's a nice cool drink of sparkling water.

Tramp: Sorry lady, but I have an iron constitution, and I might rust it.

Little marks in Physics,
Little marks in French,
Make a sterling athlete
Sit upon the bench.

Miss Throop: Are you sure this theme is original?

Marie: Well, you may find a few words in the dictionary.

Miss Yancey (sixth period class): You recited that perfectly as to words, Flora, but it has such a hollow ring.

Flora Lamson: Yes, that is the natural result of speaking on an empty stomach.

DORIS
BARBARA
VADNA
AGNES
FRANCES
ESTELLE
ELEANOR
MARGARET
CHARLOTTE
MARJORIE
ELIZABETH
MARIAN
ALICE JEAN
ALLA
HELEN

ELOISE
VIRGINIA
ELIZABETH
JANE
MARGARET
BETTY
CORNELIA
VIRGINIA
MARTHA

JEAN

ALEIDA

BETTY

CONSTANCE

ELIZABETH

NAOMI

HARBIET

BARBARA

MARIE

DOROTHY

JANE

BARBARA

FRANCES

BETTY
VIRGINIA
JEAN
GERTRUDE
SALLY
LEONA
MARY
TONIA
MARY

Epilogue

✣

To Our Readers

From the now familiar title of our Annual came the suggestion for the theme of this book. We found an expansion of that theme in the lines we have quoted from *I Pagliacci*, from *As You Like It*, and from *L'Allegro*. We hope that you have found here something of the gaiety of Columbine, the versatility of Harlequin. And in the spirit of our friend Pierrot, whose naive efforts to please are at least sincere, we thank you for your kind reception of our book.

Nods and Becks, 1930

FINIS

Edith R. Mercein - May 23rd 1930.

Love & Luck - Rosie

Laurie

Laurina Crews

Barbie Ferguson.

Marilyn Blagen

Jane Graham

Mary Eleanor Doubet

Betty Clark

Dorothea Minor

"Teddy"

Barbara Lee

Virginia Faulds

Lyon

Edna May

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